

INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY, NEW YORK

Roosevelt in the White House

NOVEMBER *Roosevelt*

10 CENTS

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



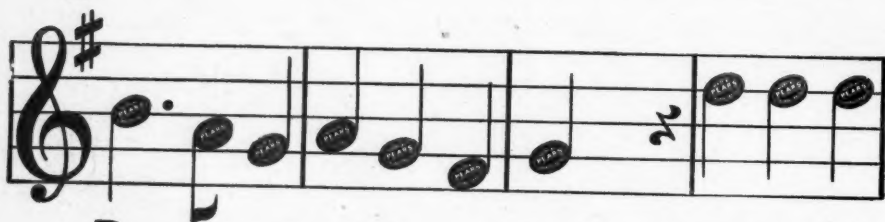
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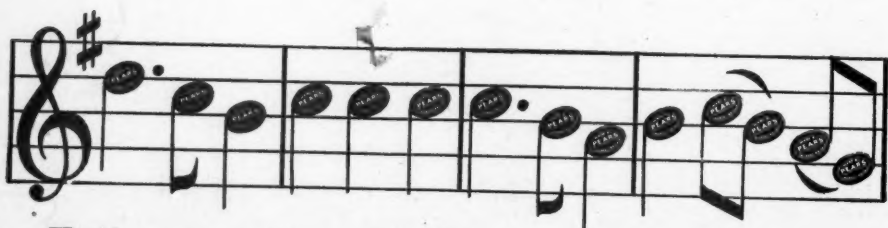
# ONE SPEECH ONE AIR ONE SOAP



Pears' Soap! 'tis of thee, Sweet queen of



Pu - ri - ty! Of thee I sing; Soap by our



Fathers tried, Soap of two Nations' pride, Of thee on



every side, loud praises ring.

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# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## *Affairs at Washington* *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

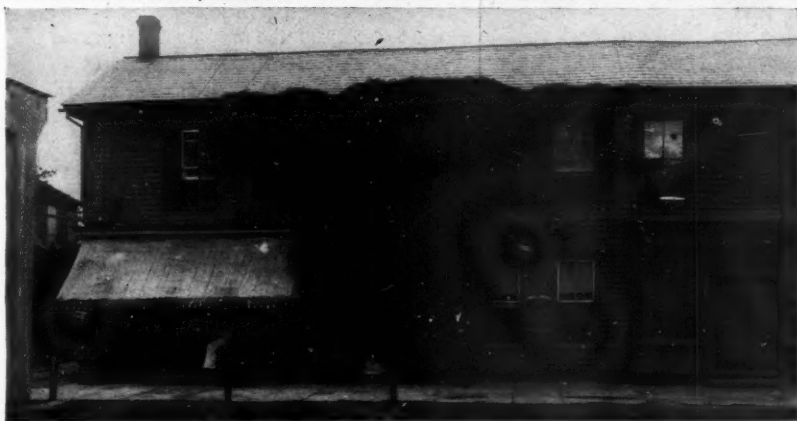
**I**F any man can be declared a true type of Americanism, that man is Theodore Roosevelt. His hair is worn positively short, and as he lowers his spectacles upon you, you see behind them two very bright gray eyes. The first impressions are not always reassuring, but you begin at once to feel the sincere conscientiousness and candor of the man. His reserve force and vigorous courage impress you; finally, after a few moments of conversation, you are entirely convinced that he is a man of broad intellectuality and a keen student of human nature. His hand grasp is gen-

uine and inspiring. Not a shadow of insincerity is discernible. Open, fearless and honest in every fibre, such is the universal verdict of those who meet Theodore Roosevelt.

He is very likely to pass several distinguished congressmen, sitting demurely along the wall, and grasp the hand of an old cow-boy friend, with a fervent, "I am particularly glad to see you."

In his attire there is always a simplicity that is far removed from the picture of the "New York dude;" in fact, I could not help but notice the

**BIRTHPLACE OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT NILES, OHIO. BUILDING OCCUPIED BY A GROCER'S SHOP, LAWYERS' OFFICES AND A LIQUOR SALOON** Photo by Courtney, Canton



severely plain shoes and clothes, the turned down collar and the black necktie that he wore.

When he became thoroughly interested in the conversation, he rested upon the large desk, with his hands clasped across his knees, in the attitude of one who was more interested in what was being said than in his personal appearance at the time. While his attitude may suggest impulsiveness, a conservative look comes over his countenance as he goes around all sides of the question, like a shrewd Yankee trading horses.

I confess I entered the room that had been President McKinley's with somewhat the feeling of a boy going to greet a stepfather, for no matter how well qualified or how great the new President may be, the change and contrast are marked.

President Roosevelt and President McKinley present two strong and widely different individual types of Americanism. The one, born and reared in the

East, has all the quick, free manner of the West; the other, born in the West,

JAMES K. HACKETT AS DON CAESAR DE BAZAN



MISS MAUD ROOSEVELT, COUSIN OF THE PRESIDENT AND A CHARMING ACTRESS



had all the fine suavity of the East.

In spite of this, there could not have been a more fitting successor to William McKinley than Theodore Roosevelt. The fears and apprehensions aroused in business and political circles by the deadly work of the assassin have passed away, and if ever there was a man fit to quiet and dispel all such apprehensions, it is the "cow-boy" President.

The irritating annoyances from office seekers and their friends have been to him, as to all his predecessors, the bane of his existence, even thus early. The great crowds at the White House have largely but one purpose in view, and that is the prospective distribution of patronage. And it is this problem that the former civil service commissioner has grappled with the full measure of his courage and all the sturdiness of purpose for which he early became famous.

**I** HOUGH steadfastly fulfilling his pledge to carry out the wishes of his late chief, the President is growing incredulous of the stories poured into his ears concerning verbal promises alleged to have been made by President McKinley, but of which there is no record, and he has adopted the fundamental method of making an analysis and study of human nature in arriving at the truth and falsity of all such claims pressed upon him.

During my chat with him there was not a moment when he was still. In his hands he nervously clutched a mass of typewritten documents, but never deigned to give them a glance while talking with the visitor. When he is engaged in any one thing, his whole mind and attention seems to be concentrated upon that thing.

In the long list of guests invited to his

SENATOR FRYE OF MAINE, WHO IS BEGINNING THE TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR OF HIS FIGHT FOR A SHIP SUBSIDY LAW



dinner table, it is noted with particular satisfaction that he has not forgotten his

'CY' SULLOWAY THE GIANT CONGRESSMAN FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE WHO OPPOSES THE SENATE'S RECIPROCITY PLANS



fellow professionals in the literary world.

Somehow, during the busy moments from early morn until late at night, he finds time to keep closely in touch with current affairs as set forth in the newspapers, indulges in a daily dip into the periodicals and magazines, and it was particularly gratifying to learn that the President has continued his excellent practice of looking through the pages of "The National Magazine."

There was a pathetic meeting shortly after I entered, between the President and the widow of Captain Capron, who was killed during the charge of the Rough Riders at Las Gausimas. The widow of

his old comrade, than whom none was braver, was given a cordial greeting.

The status of the Spanish War veterans will undoubtedly be more impressive at the White House hereafter. Mr. Roosevelt is the only President elected since Johnson, with the exception of Cleveland, who has not been a veteran of the Civil War; but there is no one more thoroughly in sympathy with the veterans of the Civil war than the dashing colonel of the Rough Riders.

**D**URING the past month the President has been vigorously at work on his first message, which it is expected will be a combination of wise statecraft and consummate literary skill.

Callers are not received after 12 o'clock, and the President is going into

SENATOR BEVERIDGE OF INDIANA. HE HAS NEW FACTS CONCERNING THE PHILIPPINES TO GIVE TO THE PUBLIC THIS WINTER



the details of the office with enthusiasm. No state paper will be awaited with more

interest than President Roosevelt's initial message to congress.

**T**HE newspapers in Washington have been largely occupied during the past months with reports of the Schley in-

SENATORS MORGAN AND MCENERY, TWO OF THE GRAND OLD MEN OF THE SOUTH



quiry. I took a navy yard car and passed through the old brick and plaster portals of the navy yard, wandered down to the gun shop, turned to the left, up a flight of stairs and found the court in a room dignified with simple decorations.

The greater part of the front space was taken up by the desks of the newspaper men. Admiral Dewey has added laurels to his fame by the manner in which he has presided at this trial. The strenuous style in which the lawyers would get at what seemed to be trivial and long forgotten details of the famous battle is beyond the appreciation of the average peace loving American.

Admiral Schley was an interested spec-

tator. He was attired in his naval uniform, although he has been placed on the retired list since the inquiry was begun. As the hands of the clock overhead approached four, Admiral Dewey would glance in that direction, and, promptly on the minute, adjourn the court. Admiral Schley put packages of documents away in a small valise, retired to a room back of the table, and came out in plain clothes.

As he and Admiral Dewey walked down through the navy yard they were followed by a number of young boys, who seem to have lost none of their admiration for the heroes of the Spanish War.

To the onlooker, it seems like a waste of money and time over a comparatively trivial matter. The testifying officers, who retire for refreshments frequently during the trial, facetiously remark that they are making a loop for the nearest cafe.

**W**ASHINGTON state is strongly represented in the upper house by Senators Turner and Foster. George Turner is rated one of the ablest lawyers in the senate. He is a Missourian born, Edina being his birthplace. He is just past the half century mark, having been born February 25, 1850. After obtaining an education in the common schools and studying for the bar he served from 1876 to 1880 as the United States marshal for the southern and middle districts of Alabama. He was a strong supporter of General Grant, and was one of the faithful 306 who vainly voted for his third nomination.

In 1884, President Arthur appointed

him Judge of the fourth judicial district of Washington Territory with headquarters in Spokane, where he and Mrs. Turner then made their home, and he served as associate justice of the Supreme Court of the territory from July 4, 1884, until February 15, 1886, when he returned to

**MISS RHODA CAMERON OF NEW ORLEANS**

A fair daughter of the South, who is winning metropolitan recognition as one of the most brilliant actresses on the American stage; now portraying Maufry in Frohman's new play, "The Forest Lovers"



the practice of law. Judge Turner was one of the most prominent members of the constitutional convention which framed the Constitution for the new state of Washington, and was chosen by the largest vote given to any candidate for the convention, all parties voting for him as preeminently fitted for the work to be done by that distinguished body.



In 1896 he left the Republican party with the Silver Republicans, and as the leader of that party in the state, assisted to organize a fusion with the Democrats and Populists, which carried the state for Mr. Bryan. The Fusionists also held a majority of the legislature, which then elected Judge Turner to the United States senate, in which he took his seat March 4, 1897.

In the senate he is considered one of the able men on the Democratic side of that chamber, and is always listened to with attention and respect by the chief representatives of both parties.

In the campaign of 1900 he supported Mr. Bryan and also secured the renomination of Governor Rogers in the State of Washington, with the astonishing result of a plurality of 12,623 for Republican Presidential electors, and a plurality of 584 for Governor Rogers on the Democratic ticket.

**SECRETARY CORTELYOU** is to remain as Secretary to the President. A more competent and capable man never occupied the place at the White House. He is thoroughly master of the situation, and when he takes down his pencil from behind his ear, perched at an angle of forty-five degrees, and makes a notation on a piece of paper carried deftly up his sleeve, he is drawing upon a mass of detail carefully systematized. George B. Cortelyou has certainly made himself indispensable in connection with the work at the White House. He

is a splendid example of the new order of secretary, who is required to be an executive. It was enough for the old time secretary to be a clerk. President Roosevelt's private secretary, William Loeb, Jr., a genial and smooth-faced young man, neatly attired in a Prince Albert with a carnation in his button-hole, is equally tactful and careful in handling the rush of work which has been thrust upon him. He occupies Secretary Cortelyou's old desk and room, and has taken hold of the work at the White House in a manner that indicates that he is thoroughly accustomed to the ways of his distinguished chief.

Secretary Cortelyou has taken the former office of the President directly across

the hall from his previous office at the White House, in close connection with President Roosevelt, who still occupies, as did his predecessor, the cabinet room most of the time.

SENATOR FLATT OF NEW YORK,  
WHOSE ATTITUDE TOWARD LOW'S  
CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK CITY IS  
DEEMED FAVORABLE



**T**HE thirty days of mourning have passed at the Capital, and the flags are no longer at half mast. The deep mourning border on all of the government stationery, which was first used at the executive mansion, has now resumed its usual appearance. There is something set and pathetic in it all, to note how soon the poignant pangs of grief for the loved ones pass away; while it does not by any means indicate a diminution of affectionate regard, it reveals how quickly the American people can adjust themselves to new conditions. The world's conception of the

greatness of William McKinley does not diminish; like the fame of Lincoln, it grows brighter and brighter as time passes, and more is learned of the true hearted nobleness of the man, and his extraordinarily wise judgment of affairs under the most exacting circumstances.

**T**HERE were pathetic memories awakened when I attended the Metropolitan church at Washington. My gaze turned toward the first pew in the fourth aisle.

There it was that, Sunday after Sunday for four or five years past, throngs were gathering to see the late President. Now it is all changed, and the centre of the curious is the little Dutch Reformed church. There the President hears the pleasant faced minister expound the gospel in the good old-fashioned way.

**D**URING the early days of President Roosevelt's administration he has improved every moment of time. The guests at dinner include men of nearly every station and from all sections of the country. He is determined to learn facts as far as possible at first hand rather than by the usual method of correspondence and dry official reports. Of course his invitations to dinner may at times subject him to criticisms, but no one can doubt his sincerity of purpose. He not only has guests who are congenial dinner companions but men from whom he can learn the truth concerning the condition of public affairs.

**O**FFICIALLY and socially Washington was well represented at New Haven during the last week of October, when President Roosevelt, in cap and

gown, received from Yale University the degree of LL. D. The old college town was thronged with celebrities of politics,

SENATOR GEORGE TURNER OF WASHINGTON STATE



law, and scholarship to an extent unprecedented even in the history of Yale.

No small share of the interest of the occasion was evoked by the conferring of a degree upon Rear Admiral Sampson. Some of the foes of the admiral criticised the University for honoring the man who planned the naval campaign of 1898.

Sixty honorary degrees were conferred. The list includes educators, statesmen, theologians, and literary men. Sweden, Japan, Great Britain and Germany shared the honors with America, in the persons of their distinguished sons. Professor Henry Davies of the university, taking this occasion for his text, pays the following tribute to the Yale spirit: "Perhaps the first ingredient of satisfaction the Yale man feels is gratitude for the splendid traditions of his university.

as the first thing that entered his life as a freshman was his initiation into 'the Yale spirit.' These traditions embrace almost every department of the social and cultural life of the college, and their influence is as positive and undying as any under which he comes during his course.

"The loyalty of a Yale man to his university, affection for her honored traditions, pride in her welfare and devotion to her success: these are among the most potent forces in the life of the Yale man and most easily elicit his praise and enthusiasm. By their vitality the most recent graduate feels bound by indissoluble ties to the most remote; one spirit animates the soul of the whole body—love for the ways of Yale—a love based on two centuries of honorable history and solid progress.

"The main secret of Yale's permanency has been her desire to make *men* rather than mere scholars and pedants, and her

democracy, solidity, usefulness—is accessory to this object and grows out of it.

MAURICE HEWLETT, AUTHOR OF "THE FOREST LOVERS" Copyright, 1901, by the Macmillan Co.



The measure of success granted to the university in *this* work is also the surest guarantee of continued existence. The mention of the names of men in all walks of life who have left Yale and entered the service of the country, men who have distinguished themselves and added honor to their college, would be the best proof of this fact. But there is no space for the list; their name is legion. It must suffice to say that into no line of scholarship, industry, politics or art have Yale men entered without adorning it by their solid learning and lastingly benefited whatever they have touched. In classical investigation, in theology, in letters, in medicine, in science the standard has ever been high.

"But the modern Yale man is no mere slave of the past. The college of his love is a living reality, possessing a living attraction all its own, because it is also the creation of the men who now constitute its faculty and student body. Thus, whilst there is an invincible loyalty to the best traditions of the past, there is no bending of the knee to them or uncritical adoration of them for their own sake. Yale men have generally shown

PRESIDENT ARTHUR T. HADLEY OF YALE UNIVERSITY



success in accomplishing this desire. Every attribute of the Yale spirit—her

themselves willing and able to meet the growing demands of the life of the present. A proof of this is the abolition of the 'fence.' The old Yale of the past has well nigh totally disappeared, so far as buildings are concerned, only one of the original buildings now standing to remind us of the glory that has gone.

"Even so accidental a quantity as athletics shows that the 'new' and the 'old' Yale are joined in indissoluble bonds. Time shows no decline in the attitude of the men towards the strenuous physical life. It should be mentioned, however, in view of certain impressions that might exist, that at no time have Yale men been so unintelligent as to cherish the prowess of the University in every form of athletic contest simply for its own sake, but only as to an element of the Yale spirit without which it would not be complete. Yale's supremacy is unquestioned, but this is not Yale's chief pride; that lies

"The 'new Yale' is, therefore, the 'same dear Yale' of the past. The liv-

CLINEDINST'S NEW STYLE PHOTO OF MISS SULLIVAN, DAUGHTER OF THE MISSISSIPPI SENATOR THE PHOTO IS BURNED INTO THE CARD



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL U S A, WHO IS SOON TO TAKE A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE



where it lay in the past, viz, in the essential manhood of her true sons.

ing bond of unity is the aristocracy of manhood, which animates all periods of Yale's history—what we call the Yale spirit; that spirit is first and always the spirit of the patient, persevering, Christian gentleman, the spirit of a truth-loving, manly man, revering what is good, self-sacrificing, neighborly; a hater of shams. And in saying this I am uttering the word of greatest praise for Yale. May this glory never depart.

"In closing it is only fitting that I should refer to the distinguished throng of visitors from all parts of the world who have recently gathered to celebrate the entry of Yale on her third century of national service. This in itself is no small tribute to Yale's distinction as a servant, in the bonds of learning, of the people. But nothing, to my mind, is so impressive as the fact that now for 200 years Yale has been sending forth

men to close up the ranks on the fighting line of the world's great work, upon whose hearts the indelible impress of the Yale spirit has been made; men great, if not in all respects, yet great in all the essentials of manhood. This is the fact that gave significance to the bi-centennial. This is the fact without which the celebration would have been an empty pageant, a piece of stupendous vanity, the very antithesis of the Yale spirit.

"Yale men have always been faithful to the essential spirit of the university. The poet who wrote the following lines (well known to every Yale man) knew that spirit through and through:

"We care not that the dawn should throw,  
Its flash upon our portico;  
But rather that our natal star,  
Bright Hesper in the twilight far,  
Should beckon toward the distant West,  
Which he—our Berkeley—loved the best;  
Thereto, his prophet line did say,  
'The course of empire takes its way.'  
And in the groves of that young land  
A mighty school has judgment planned,  
To teach new knowledge to new men—  
Strange sciences undreamed of then  
She comes—had come, unknown before—  
Though not on 'vext Bermoths' shore;  
Yet will she not her prophet fail—  
The Old—the New—the same dear  
Yale.' "

THE PRESIDENT'S CHILDREN, WHO ARE MAKING THE WALLS OF THE OLD WHITE HOUSE RING WITH HAPPY LAUGHTER





THE gathering shadows of the early autumn evening had begun to fall as I started on my long and pleasantly anticipated trip to "Beauvoir," in Woodley Lane, the summer home of Admiral Dewey. Alighting from a street car, I followed down a dull-hued, dusty road, traversed at right angles by lanes of fiery red clay. Passing between two rows of tall elms which made a perfect archway of foliage, I came upon the beautiful retreat some distance from the road.

In the dusk it was difficult to determine which way to turn to approach the

front of the house, but I kept on to the right and came to a door, which was

opened by the Admiral's Chinese servant, who was enjoying his evening meal, but who greeted me pleasantly. I explained to him my mission in the best Chinese at my command, and he salaamed as he retired to inform the admiral. While I was standing hat in hand, a pleasant faced woman requested me to be seated and make myself comfortable. After some minutes the Chinese servant returned, and conducted me to the presence of the admiral. He met me at the foot of the stairway, and a heartier welcome was never accorded a traveling newsgatherer.

It was easy to see why the people have such a great affection for this man.

THE AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN RAVENSHAW." PAGE 229  
Courtesy of L. C. Page & Co.



ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS.

THE LATE PRESIDENT AND HIS FRIENDS, AT HIS FARM NEAR MINERVA, OHIO

Photo by Cannon, Minerva



The Admiral has a very deep full voice, and has a kindly brown eye that at once puts a stranger at ease.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, AUTHOR OF "A CAROLINA CAVALIER"

*Courtesy of D. Lothrop & Co.*



Dewey remains to-day an inspiration. Modest and retiring to a fault, he insisted to me that all the greetings of praise and

MRS. BURTON HARRISON, AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THE HILLS"

*Courtesy of D. Lothrop & Co.*



Directly over the folding doors is the picture of the admiral which became so well known throughout the world after the battle at Manila. Somehow the greatness of American heroes is their simplicity. As simple and open hearted and frank as a boy, and as devoted and gallant as any young swain, Admiral

distinction accorded him were more the expression of a patriotic sentiment than of regard for the man; but I insisted, and, I think, rightly in consonance with the American spirit, that you must first have the man to execute the idea. It was shortly after the tragedy at Buffalo and the admiral had but lately received

REAR ADMIRAL O'NEILL, U. S. N., AT HIS DESK IN WASHINGTON



REV. S. M. SCHICK, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S PASTOR



the news; the tears streamed down his face, as he paid his tribute to the stricken President, his chief and friend. More tender hearted man never lived than Admiral Dewey.

Many incidents might be related of how the young boys doffed their hats as the admiral walked down the street; of a little girl at the hotel Ponce de Leon who wanted to clasp his hand, and ask-

ing with her great wondering eyes if she could see the admiral; the lusty youth who looks upon the war grimed "Olympia" at the Charlestown navy yard and breaks forth in cheers for Dewey—and so on; but you are familiar with this feeling of affection for the admiral and, indeed, who is not?

The admiral recalled vividly the scenes in Manila when Mr. MacQueen, "The National's" war correspondent, came upon the deck of his vessel. His recital of various experiences had all of the charm of simplicity. He related that when he first went to Manila, in conversation with a missionary who was a fellow passenger, he had expressed the belief that the trade of America was wending to the Westward and following the star of empire, although at the time there was little thought of war.

The admiral and Mrs. Dewey form a picture of ideal marital devotion which is significant at this time. As long as the homes of our prominent public men reflect such sweet sentiment as that which comes from our late beloved president, from Admiral Dewey and from President Roosevelt, there is nothing to fear for

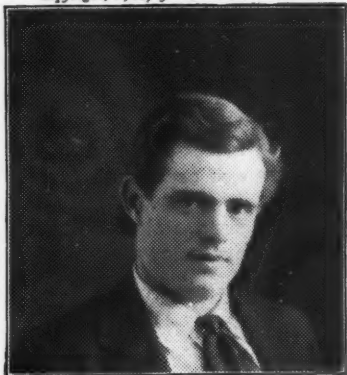
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CHURCH, THE DUTCH REFORMED, 15TH AND O STREETS WASHINGTON, D C



the future; where the nation's homes remain pure and undefiled, and touched with the sanctity of Christian manhood

closer friendship for America's great admiral. The scene was one which will long remain with me, reflecting as it

JACK LONDON, AUTHOR OF "THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS"  
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and womanhood, the strength of the nation is assured.

I wish it were possible or permitted me to recite in detail every word of that three hours conversation. I am sure that it would make every reader feel even a

B. J. WHEELER, SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS, BOSTON



WALTER B. STEVENS, SECRETARY, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR



does the sweetness of American home life, even under the glaring search light of prominence in public affairs.

F. J. V. SKIFF, DIRECTOR GENERAL OF EXHIBITS, ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.



**HALSEY C. IVES, CHIEF, DEPARTMENT  
OF FINE ARTS, ST. LOUIS  
WORLD'S FAIR**



**ISAAC S. TAYLOR, DIRECTOR GENERAL CON-  
STRUCTION AND MAINTENANCE, ST.  
LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR**



**DAVID R. FRANCIS, PRESIDENT OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE  
EXPOSITION, ST. LOUIS, 1903**



There is no more devoted admirer, and none who seems more thoroughly to understand the true greatness of the admiral, than his wife and companion, and their intense fondness for children finds a warm reciprocal response from the little ones wherever they go. They understand the fine reserve of childhood, which is a sure passport to the favor of boys and girls.

In talking of the possibilities of the export trade, there is no one who shows a greater interest in it than Admiral Dewey. He seems to feel that the increase in the trans-continental traffic in the past two years is not only the natural consequence of prevailing conditions but the sure sign of a great new development. His keen observations during his long stay in the Philippines taught



him to feel very sanguine as to the future on these lines. Intensely American in every way, Admiral Dewey has opened a pathway for great gains by American commerce and feels that the field for the greater bulk of our future trade lies in the Orient rather than the Occident.

As I wandered down through the driveway upon which the moonlight threw a laced drape-ry through the foliage of the towering trees, I could not help feeling how fortunate I had been in just meeting face to face the greatest hero of our times, who had been so great a factor in the development of American trade.

How great that trade will grow to be no man knows; but that it will be constantly larger and more profitable, as the West reaches and influences the markets of the East, all are agreed. The Philippines will themselves become consumers of tens of millions worth of American products annually. With the

islands as a base—a storage depot for the eastern trade of our manufacturers and exporters—we shall have advantages equal to those of any other nation in the eastern markets. A very great share of the credit for this must always be given

to George Dewey, not alone for the splendid courage and seamanship with which he beat the Spanish fleet and forts, but even more for the far-sighted states-



"YOU ARE THE REAL MURDERER."

From "Blennerhassett," C. M. Clark Publishing Company.

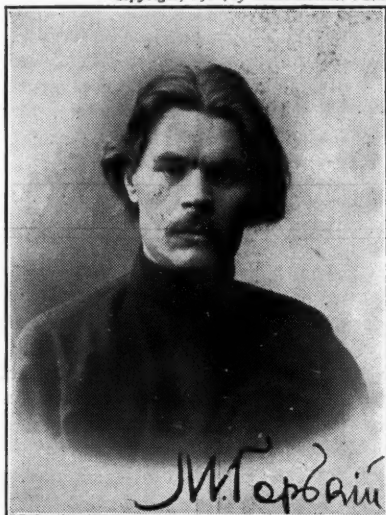
manship and sound common sense with which he urged the retention of the rich and populous archipelago under our flag.

The cordial simplicity of the greeting, the kindly reflection of the ideal home life, all left their impressions, and I felt

that in that evening's chat I had received an inspiration for the future to intensify

closer together to realize the responsibilities and possibilities of the future.

MAXIM GORKY, AUTHOR OF "FOMA GORDYEFF"  
Copyright, 1901, by Chas. Scribner's Sons



the American spirit in "The National Magazine" and to bring our readers all

THE LATE JOHN FISKE, HISTORIAN AND PHILOSOPHER.  
Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS, AUTHOR OF  
"J. DEVLIN - BOSS" Courtesy of D. Lothrop Co.



President McKinley and Admiral Dewey go hand in hand and stand before us as the great men of the epoch that means so much for the national destiny.

THE new Willard House will be a decided addition to Washington hotel accommodations. Though the hand-

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, AUTHOR OF "THE MAKING OF A MARCHIONESS"  
Courtesy of F. A. Stokes Co.



some new structure has carried with it no special historical associations except in name, it will prove none-the-less a strong addition to the splendid modern conveniences of the capital city. This has been a busy building season in Washington, the bulk of the repairs and stress of building necessarily coming during the summer months, and the general outlook is that Washington as a city is having a growth that is indeed satisfactory to the keen eyed real estate man, who

FRANK H. VIZETELLY, SECRETARY EDITORIAL BOARD,  
JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA



expects the capital to become, in time, the chief social center of the Continent.

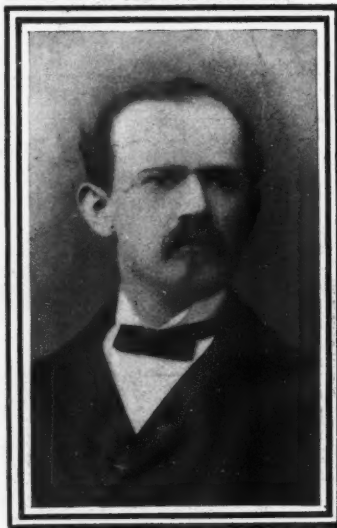
THERE were fewer congressmen and diplomats in Washington this summer than ever before, and the number off on sick leave among the departments has been larger than usual. There is no disguising the fact that Washington is not an especially healthy place during summer.

IS the practice of giving large sums to various universities and institutions throughout the country a general bless-

THE LATE F. B. HARRIS, AUTHOR OF "THE ROAD TO RIDGEBY'S." Copyright, 1901, by Small-Maynard



ISADORE SINGER, PROJECTOR AND MANAGING  
EDITOR OF THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA



ing? If the coal barons, the oil barons, and iron barons and other controllers of the efforts of man were to direct their wonderful capacity for business enterprise to lessening the cost of living, it is fair to assume that most of the schools of the country would be supported and developed by the people themselves. The advance of fifty cents per ton in the price of coal resulted—it is stated—in a

profit of \$18,000,000 to the trust. In view of things like this, the giving of a portion of those millions to endow an institution looks more like a system of robbing Peter to pay Paul than like a manifestation of the true spirit of philanthropy taught in the Scriptures.

When Harvard college received its first gift of £400 and 206 books from the immortal John, it was deemed such an

DR. I. K. FUNK, PRESIDENT OF THE FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, PUBLISHING THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA. PAGE 232



act of private munificence that the name of Harvard was at once given to the college. So also when Elihu Yale, nearly a century later, gave books and goods to

far-reaching and beneficent influences radiating from them that it is impossible in the ordinary circumstances of life to think of them as subject to the natural

**TOMB OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, NEAR NORTH BEND, OHIO**



the value of £600, the name of Yale was given to the school. Both of these institutions are now wealthy, populous with students and instructors, and with such

law of decline and ultimate death.

The plethoric pocketbooks that open to pour added millions into the coffers of these and other great schools might,

**RECEIVING VAULT, WEST LAWN CEMETERY, CANTON, OHIO, WHERE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S BODY WILL BE GUARDED FOR TWO YEARS**

*Photo by Courtney, Canton*





perhaps, better be tapped by their owners in behalf of poverty-stricken schools throughout the inland country, which are graduating so many men and women for useful positions in the affairs of life.

Yet these small schools represent the best type of Americanism—that type which sturdily pays its own way, wins its own prizes unaided from the hand of Croesus—stands on its own bottom and preserves its independence and its self respect at the same time.

**T**HERE is frequently a delegation of fussy women at the White House to see the president. It would be unkind even to intimate who they are, as the names sometime figure very prominently in public life. If they bear letters from

MRS. FRANK ELDER OF WASHINGTON



a senator or a congressman, they are irritated if the president does not throw open the doors, forgetting that he has a multitude of duties to attend to, aside from personal calls and interviews. If some of these delegations would look about them, they would see that there were about a dozen senators and congressmen patiently waiting their turn to present important matters of state as meekly as at a barber shop waiting to be shaved. It takes but little to sting human vanity. So some of these dear ladies march out with an expression on their faces, "When I come again you will know it!" There are no tears shed. On the other hand there are interesting studies in the way of callers who expect little but receive much. The entire gamut of human nature is easily discerned at the White House portals during the course of one short day.

**I**N the teeth of biting fall winds, on a draughty corner while waiting for a street car, I talked with "Cy" Sulloway, the giant congressman from New Hampshire, on the prospective fate of tariff reciprocity treaties.

"Don't have much faith that any of them will pass," he said. "These tariff treaties take away too much of the rights of the house of representatives to be very popular. There is where all legislation should originate and the theoretical trade propositions of the senate will get a proper trimming down when our side gets at them. No, I can't say I am very much impressed with the idea of disturbing conditions under which the country has certainly prospered, and—"

With that the tall form and giant slouch hat disappeared in a chase for a Boston street car, swinging around the Dewey circle under the cataract roar of the electric elevated railroad.

**N**OTHING daunts the American young woman. Her self reliance is as typical of her people as Uncle Sam's plug hat and star-spangled "weskit." Like the wind she goeth where she listeth and asks

THE DOMINANT SENTIMENT OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, CONCEIVED BY COMMERCE, ENNOBLED BY ART AND POETRY AND BAPTIZED WITH THE BLOOD OF A MARTYR. GATES OPENED MAY 1, 1901; CLOSED NOVEMBER 2, 1901



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**PATRIOTISM FOR BRIDGE**  
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION CO

no man's "yea." And this applies to the American young woman north of the Canadian boundary line as well as to her

MISS GENEVIEVE BRADY Photo Copyrighted, 1901



sister in the States. Not often, however, has she taken journeys alone comparable to that which Miss Genevieve Brady of Boston purposes to begin in April next. After spending the winter in Canada, where she will give readings from Canadian authors, Miss Brady will set out for a tour of the world. She will first visit Europe, going thence to Australia and returning by way of Japan. Miss Brady's talents are various. She has scored a success on the stage as Poppea in Wilson Barrett's company playing "The Sign of the Cross." She is an expert horsewoman and the most skillful woman fencer in New England; she is a powerful dramatic reader; in painting and sculpture she is an enthusiastic amateur; few excel her in mastery of the

mandolin. But her great ambition is to become a singer. She has a contralto voice whose capabilities are declared by good critics to be well worth development under the guidance of the foremost instructors. It is her desire, and her reasonable expectation as well, to give public entertainments all the way around the world; to see strange lands and peoples and at the same time prepare to devote her energies exclusively, upon her return home, to vocal training, here and abroad. Miss Brady is Nova Scotian born, but has been resident in Boston several years.

MISS BRADY IN FENCING COSTUME Photo Copyrighted, 1901



IT was noted by shrewd observers as significant that one of the first public statements made by Mr. Roosevelt as

LILIAN WHITING, AUTHOR OF "WORLD BEAUTIFUL IN BOOKS"

*Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.*



President was in favor of a larger fighting navy. The man who, as assistant secretary of the navy department, foresaw the work that Dewey's squadron would have to do, and rushed supplies to the Commodore to meet the approaching emergency, has always been an ardent admirer of the American navy. He has written first rate naval histories; he is master of the subject. Naturally, he desires, as one of the achievements of his administration, to continue the work of enlarging our naval forces.

It is no secret that President Roosevelt sees a prospect of work for our sea fighters in complications which may possibly grow out of changing conditions in South America and the cutting of an inter-oceanic canal; at any rate, he believes we shall be better able to protect our interests and those of the republics that dwell in the safe shadow of the Monroe doctrine, if we have a fighting navy big enough to command the respect of European nations. Secretary

Long's request for \$90,000,000 more, to be put into battleships, cruisers and torpedo boats, undoubtedly reflects the policy aggressive of the President.

But there are men in public life—great and powerful men—who do not agree that we need to tax ourselves so heavily for a mighty fighting navy. They wish rather to see the money invested in ships of commerce, a merchant marine carrying American goods to all the world's markets. These men wish the government to subsidize commercial steamship lines urging the general good.

President Roosevelt has been represented to be opposed to ship subsidies. The subsidy men oppose his naval program—with reservations. If he will put it on the ground that we need a big navy to protect a big merchant marine, and will approve a subsidy bill as a means to procure that merchant marine, then the subsidy men—who are the promoters of trade expansion which everybody desires—will swing into line for the big navy. "If we have no merchant marine to protect," said a gentleman who reflects their views, "we don't need a big fighting navy. It would be a burden and might get us into trouble that without it we

HONORE BALZAC, FROM THE "POCKET EDITION" OF HIS WORKS

*Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.*



would avoid. We don't need to 'be prepared for war.' That is what is breaking the backs of half the countries of Europe to-day. But if the government will encourage the construction of a great peace navy, we can afford to pay for a fighting navy to protect it."

This gentleman picked up a daily paper and pointed to an item stating that the cost of the Spanish war to date had been \$513,830,907. "That is what war means," he said. "We want peace, and trade with all the world; and we want to ship our goods in our own vessels, so that we pay tolls to none. If the President will help us bring about these conditions, we will be with him in strengthening the navy."

"You have noticed the continued strong opposition to ship subsidies, especially out west?"

"Yes. That is because the question

has not been properly presented to the people. They have been led to believe it was a mere raid on the treasury. When they consider that it is merely another form of the protection, or fostering, of American labor, opening new markets to the products of our farms and factories, the opposition to the bill will cease.

"It was not rightly presented at the last session, and besides, the time was not ripe for it. Senator Hanna knew this, and he urged delay.

"I understand the new bill will bar from its benefits established lines of ships plying between America and Europe?"

"That, I believe, is the plan. The idea is not to put public money into the coffers of rich corporations, but to encourage capital to establish new lines, opening new markets. The idea is a beneficent one and the bill will become a law this winter—mark that."

MRS. IDA SAXTON MCKINLEY IN THE LIBRARY OF HER CANTON HOME

*Photo by Courtney, Canton*



THE PURITAN CITY

THOMAS N. HART, MAYOR OF BOSTON





# The Puritan City

Showing How State Regulation of Municipal Finances Failed and How  
"Municipal Ownership" Means Higher Taxes.

By MAYOR THOMAS N. HART

**WE** hear much of poor city governments. Very likely the model government has not been evolved here.

The critic, who is always with us, points to Europe.

For better or for worse, we are in America, and must face things here. On the whole, Europe, with all its alleged superiority, comes here, and we do not migrate to the old world. We certainly should, if the good old world offered better opportunities than ours. I do not refer to the select few, who live on inherited fortunes; I refer to the ten thousand, who try to earn a living and make things a trifle easier for their children. Far be it from me to doubt any superiority of Europe, municipal or social; but I am an American, and I propose to sink or swim with my country.

Very likely the Boston city government has not reached perfection; it is not Glasgow, nor Manchester, nor even Berlin. It is simply Boston, the Puritan City.

I have an impression that the largest element in our population is Celtic, and that much the largest religious denomination in Boston is Catholic. The precise facts will never be known; but we do know that Boston preserves its ancient character, and that the newer elements, Irish, Italian, Jewish, Russian, seem as anxious to preserve the Puritan character of Boston as the Winthrops, and Saltonstalls, and the few descendants left of the ancient founders. A visit at the Eliot School will settle this point, which sociology may be able to explain.

All I can say is that, as far as I can see,

while Boston may not be perfect, and its city government not perfect, it seems an attractive city for rich and poor, labor and capital, native and naturalized folks.

Its growth is uniform, entirely normal, neither hurried nor unduly delayed. Would this be so, if the government were wholly bad, or radically different from the past? Our traditions are unbroken. We are deeply conservative, and the new elements cling tenaciously to our ancient character. They come here to be Americans, and Americans they are.

But, says our good friend, the critic, Boston may live in spite of its government. Perhaps the critic is right. Perhaps he may wrestle with a problem like this: Our municipal expenses, relatively, the largest of any such community, are about thirty million dollars. If the annual earnings of our people average about three hundred dollars a head, the total income of those living in Boston will be somewhere about one hundred and eighty millions a year, more or less; Mr. Edward Atkinson and other specialists can give closer figures. But it looks, assuming my figures to be fit for use, that about one-sixth of our popular income goes through the city treasury and is used for schools, paving, water, police, libraries, hospitals, prisons, and the ceaseless wants of the community. The true proportion, if ascertained, may be different; but I say: We are still the old Puritan City, we are heavily taxed, and yet we thrive. We might do better but we seem to do pretty well, and a little credit may be due to our city government.

I was mayor of Boston in 1889 and 1890. Again I took the office for 1900 and 1901, and some explanation may be due.

#### **As Matters Stood in 1889**

One test of all governments is the ledger. I did not like the Boston city finances; I had definite views upon the subject and thought it right to carry these views into effect.

Putting the case in rough form, not being a man of science, I found that Boston increased annually about two per cent in population, about three per cent in valuation, about four per cent in income, about five per cent in expenditures, and more than six per cent in net debt. A little computation will show where such a condition of things must lead.

The community took me at my word, and sent me back to City Hall, where things were speedily taken in hand.

The plain truth was startling. It would have startled the people, were the people disposed to give close attention to such things.

Should the people be censured for not fully appreciating the fact that their city was accumulating debts at an increasing rate, and that by 1915 it would be somewhere about a hundred and fifty millions, if the increase from 1885 to 1900 is taken as a precedent?

Seeing that very few persons study these things, and that business computations are not made fifteen years ahead, it is idle to censure the community, which means to do right.

Stockholders or policy holders in an insurance company should not be expected to look closely into the computations of the company. Such things must be left to specialists. But we have few specialists in municipal finance.

The world is apt to ask, when things have gone wrong, who is to blame, and who should be punished. If Boston went wrong in general financial policy, who is to blame?

Public opinion is apt to hold the city government responsible. The city government makes appropriations and authorizes debts. It seems to have very much to do with the general conduct of city finances. So it is that mayors, aldermen, councilmen, school committees, and anybody in the municipal service may be roughly blamed.

But there is another side. Critics and reformers arraign city governments. I shall not defend city governments. If they are right, they need no defence; if they be wrong, no defence can vindicate them. But let no man think for a moment that American city governments are free agents. Let Puritan Boston illustrate.

In 1885, when certain elements ruled in our City Hall to whom our State House was opposed, it was thought best to tie up City Hall by limiting its taxing power and its debt making power, so that taxpayers might feel easy, and any extravagant City Hall schemes might be nipped in the bud. In other words, a statute made by the good State of Massachusetts, undertook to regulate Boston municipal finances.

#### **Failure of State Regulation**

The remedy is not new. To set things right by rules and regulations, is the favorite method of very many very nice people of all ages and conditions. The Boston arrangement was made by particularly intelligent and public-spirited persons, lawyers.

Lawyers believe that a city is the mere creature of the State, and that it is enough for the state to order whatever is wanted — economy, reform, progress, low taxes, and liberal appropriations.

But it would be wrong to censure the lawyers, who certainly acted with the best intentions and from the purest motives.

It would be wrong to censure the State government of 1885, which, be it said respectfully, had no very profound infor-

mation about Boston finances. Boston gentlemen asked for lower taxes, and received what they asked for.

How such statutes intended to regulate municipal finances work in practice, is illustrated by Boston.

Our net debt was less than twenty-five million dollars in 1885, when the State undertook to regulate our debts as well as our taxes. After fifteen years of this supervisory regulation, our net debt exceeded fifty-nine million dollars.

This sum, rather high for a city of less than six hundred thousand inhabitants, does not include millions of metropolitan, meaning debts due for metropolitan water, sewers and parks. The State has undertaken these matters for a number of cities and towns, including Boston, and charges the expense to said towns and cities. But leaving out this metropolitan debt, it seems fair to say that if the United States owed as does Boston, the national debt would be somewhere about seven thousand five hundred million dollars, or more.

Two things were clear. The regulating statute of 1885 had not regulated, and Boston finances must be taken in hand energetically to avoid disaster.

My hope and expectation for help from all quarters was disappointed. But this tribute is due all round: The subject was not treated as a party question.

Of course nobody desires to pay higher taxes; but Republicans and Democrats evinced a desire to do right as they saw it, and they never questioned my facts.

The special statute of 1885, regulating taxes and debts for Boston, was changed in 1900, and a new departure was taken.

The State accepted my programme, which covered two points: All current expenses to be met from current income, and no increase in the debt of the city. The result was a higher tax rate. The City debt has not increased. For permanent improvements we run in debt; but, owing to a happy condition of

things, our net debt has decreased. On July 31, 1900, it was \$59,112,224; on October 1, 1901, it was \$51,373,622. I should have been unable to achieve this exhibit, but for the fact that we obtained from the State a decent settlement of the Boston water supply system, which the State had taken for the metropolitan water district. In making this settlement it is pleasant to acknowledge once more the help I had from Governor Crane and others. The equity of the settlement has never been questioned, and the city government did the rest, precisely as it should be done.

I may add that something like three and a quarter million dollars is still due from the State, this second day of October, 1901, and will come to the city in due course, the result being a very much improved condition of our municipal finances.

#### Fruits of a Happy Compromise

The statute of 1885 operated unfortunately; the State House came to better light in 1900, and full credit should be given all round. The lesson is plain enough. Mere regulating statutes are not sufficient to set things right; but Boston and Massachusetts mean to do right, and will do right as they see it.

Probably no mayor of a great American city ever did a more unpopular thing than I did when I told the State House that its legislation of 1885 was wrong, and when I told the taxpayers of Boston that it was necessary for them to pay higher taxes. The result, as far as known, bears me out; what the community thinks of it all, remains to be seen. But I have confidence in the desire of the community to do right. The difficulty consists in showing to the community just what is right. From necessity and unavoidably the community at large is slow in mastering financial details that cover tens of millions of dollars.

After considerable experience in these

things, I am disposed to think well of my fellow citizens and of our future. I cannot think ill of a community that proposes to do right. And in defence of the State House I may intimate that it acts necessarily on such information as happens to come before it. Of course it is interested parties that are most apt to appear before the State House authorities. The public as such rarely has a spokesman, and he who speaks for the public is not necessarily a wise man. I think myself fortunate in having been able to treat some very large questions, closely affecting our people, in a non-partisan spirit. Great credit, I think, belongs to the community. An abler man than I might fail when matters of taxes, debt and financial policy are treated as political party questions. I may add that a frank appeal to the public, founded in good sense and sound policy, has nothing to fear.

A great difficulty in all municipal governments arises from the hard fact of State control. Lawyers may express the point differently; to a layman the point comes down to this, that the State may do as it likes in city matters. Under this law the State of Massachusetts took our water supply. Unseemly litigation seemed unavoidable. I proposed a compromise, and I am happy to say the governor of the State co-operated, and the point was settled reasonably and equitably, the sum involved being something like thirteen million dollars. The case shows that if in theory the State is supreme, and the city a servant, the State of Massachusetts proposes to do right. Some day, some American city may have an acute conflict with its State; the conflict need not be serious if the Boston precedent is to count, if both sides will try to serve the public interest and avoid needless friction.

#### **City Ownership: Higher Taxes**

Much has been said of public ownership of public utilities. Boston has gone

pretty far in that direction, seeing that it runs a market, ferries, hospitals, pleasure grounds, baths, libraries, a music department, and much else, not to mention our schools and the subway we own. A student may compute what these things cost. The friends of municipal ownership may feel that things done at the public expense will not burden the individual. Our accounts tell a different story. Boston expends more than most cities of its kind because it does more. Should public ownership become a general rule, let taxpayers prepare for higher taxes, because no man and no government can have something for nothing.

When I became mayor, I proposed great moderation in luxuries, and advised liberal expenditures in whatsoever might enable our people to do business, earn a living and pay taxes with more ease. I thought it right to pave streets and improve the business sections of the city. The work has merely begun, and the residence sections will not be forgotten. For the moment, then, art and similar interests have not greatly flourished at the expense of our municipal treasury; but the plain things, paving, sweeping, sewers, bridges, repairs, and the humble routine work have been attended to, that our people might be more comfortable and pay taxes with greater ease. I regret to say that the civil service law, so beneficent in intent, has not commanded the undivided support of the community. I have great faith in its theory. Some day we may have a civil service commission for every city, all acting under a general law; meanwhile the friends of law and order should not rest, and honest people should never doubt that rascals will take all they can get. More than ever I have faith in the good sense of our people; more than ever I think the good intent of our people should be better instructed, that justice and purity may rule throughout the land.

*Boston, October 4, 1901*

# The Devil\*

By MAXIM GORKY

LIFE is a burden in the Fall,—the sad season of decay and death!

The gray days, the weeping, sunless sky, the dark nights, the growling, whining wind, the heavy, black autumn shadows—all that drives clouds of gloomy thoughts over the human soul, and fills it with a mysterious fear of life where nothing is permanent, all is in an eternal flux; things are born, decay, die . . . why? . . . for what purpose? . . .

Sometimes the strength fails us to battle against the tenebrous thoughts that enfold the soul late in the autumn, therefore those who want to assuage their bitterness ought to meet them half way. This is the only way by which they will escape from the chaos of despair and doubt, and will enter on the terra firma of self-confidence.

But it is a laborious path, it leads through thorny brambles that lacerate the living heart, and on that path the devil always lies in ambush. It is that best of all the devils, with whom the great Goethe has made us acquainted. . . .

My story is about that devil.

\* \* \*

The devil suffered from ennui.

He is too wise to ridicule everything.

He knows that there are phenomena of life which the devil himself is not able to rail at; for example, he has never applied the sharp scalpel of his irony to the majestic fact of his existence. To tell the truth, our favorite devil is more bold than clever, and if we were to look more closely at him, we might discover that, like ourselves, he wastes most of his time on trifles. But we had better leave that alone; we are not children that break their best toys in order to discover what is in them.

The devil once wandered over the cemetery in the darkness of an autumn night: he felt lonely and whistled softly as he looked around himself in search of a distraction. He whistled an old song—my father's favorite song,—

*"When, in autumnal days,  
A leaf from its branch is torn  
And on high by the wind is borne."*

And the wind sang with him, sighing over the graves and among the black crosses, and heavy autumnal clouds slowly crawled over the heaven and with their cold tears watered the narrow dwellings of the dead. The mournful trees in the cemetery timidly creaked under the strokes of the wind and stretched their bare branches to the speechless clouds. The branches were now and then caught by the crosses, and then a dull, shuffling, awful sound passed over the churchyard. . . .

The devil was whistling, and he thought:

"I wonder how the dead feel in such weather! No doubt, the dampness goes down to them, and although they are secure against rheumatism ever since the

\* EDITOR'S NOTE—This short story, the second of Gorky's to be published in America, we believe, was translated for "The National Magazine" by Leo Weiner, an assistant professor and occupant of the chair of Russian Literature at Harvard University. Gorky, like Tolstoy, is profoundly desirous to free and uplift humanity. He seems destined to become a powerful factor in the intellectual revolution that is taking place among his countrymen. He was the child of poverty, bred to want and severe toil; he became a wanderer on foot through the highways and byways of the Czar's domain. His genius was freed from its fetters by the intervention of a chance friend who enabled him to acquire the rudiments of education. Gorky's first novel, "Yoma Gordyeff" has just been issued in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons. The translation is by Isabel Hapgood. The book has almost instantly made its author the most widely discussed figure in contemporary letters. Many of the ablest critics of England and America hail him as the inheritor of Tolstoy's leadership in Russian literature.



day of their death, yet, I suppose, they do not feel comfortable. How, if I called one of them up and had a talk with him? It would be a little distraction for me, and, very likely, for him also. I will call him! Somewhere around here they have buried an old friend of mine, an author. . . . I used to visit him when he was alive . . . why not renew our acquaintance? People of his kind are dreadfully exacting. I shall find out whether the grave satisfies him completely. But where is his grave?"

And the devil who, as is well known, knows everything, wandered for a long time about the cemetery, before he found the author's grave. . . .

"Oh there!" he called out as he knocked with his claws at the heavy stone under which his acquaintance was put away.

"Get up!"

"What for?" came the dull answer from below.

"I need you."

"I won't get up."

"Why?"

"Who are you, anyway?"

"You know me."

"The censor?"

"Ha, ha, ha! No!"

"Maybe a secret policeman?"

"No, no!"

"Not a critic, either?"

"I am the devil."

"Well, I'll be out in a minute."

The stone lifted itself from the grave, the earth burst open, and a skeleton came out of it. It was a very common skeleton, just the kind that students study anatomy by: only it was dirty, had no wire connections, and in the empty sockets there shone a blue phosphoric light instead of eyes. It crawled out of the ground, shook its bones in order to throw off the earth that stuck to them, making a dry, rattling noise with them and raising up its skull, looked with its cold, blue eyes at the murky, cloud-cov-

ered sky. "I hope you are well!" said the devil.

"How can I be?" curtly answered the author. He spoke in a strange, low voice, as if two bones were grating against each other.

"Oh, excuse my greeting!" the devil said pleasantly.

"Never mind! . . . But why have you raised me?"

"I just wanted to take a walk with you, though the weather is very bad."

"I suppose you are not afraid of catching a cold?" asked the devil.

"Not at all, I got used to catching colds during my lifetime."

"Yes, I remember, you died pretty cold."

"I should say I did! They had poured enough cold water over me all my life."

They walked beside each other over the narrow path, between graves and crosses. Two blue beams fell from the author's eyes upon the ground and lit the way for the devil. A drizzling rain sprinkled over them, and the wind freely passed between the author's bare ribs and through his breast where there was no longer a heart.

"We are going to town?" he asked the devil.

"What interests you there?"

"Life, my dear sir," the author said impassionately.

"What! It still has a meaning for you?"

"Indeed it has!"

"But why?"

"How am I to say it? A man measures all by the quantity of his effort, and if he carries a common stone down from the summit of Ararat, that stone becomes a gem to him."

"Poor fellow!" smiled the devil.

"But also happy man!" the author retorted coldly.

The devil shrugged his shoulders.

They left the churchyard, and before



them lay a street,—two rows of houses, and between them was darkness in which the miserable lamps clearly proved the want of light upon earth.

"Tell me," the devil spoke after a pause, "how do you like your grave?"

"Now I am used to it, and it is all right: it is very quiet there."

"Is it not damp down there in the Fall?" asked the devil.

"A little. But you get used to that. The greatest annoyance comes from those various idiots who ramble over the cemetery and accidentally stumble on my grave. I don't know how long I have been lying in my grave, for I and everything around me is unchangeable, and the concept of time does not exist for me."

"You have been in the ground four years,—it will soon be five," said the devil."

"Indeed? Well then, there have been three people at my grave during that time. Those accursed people make me nervous. One, you see, straight away denied the fact of my existence: he read my name on the tombstone and said confidently: 'There never was such a man! I have never read him, though I remember such a name: when I was a boy, there lived a man of that name who had a broker's shop in our street.' How do you like that? And my articles appeared for sixteen years in the most popular periodicals, and three times during my lifetime my books came out in separate editions."

"There were two more editions since your death", the devil informed him.

"Well, you see? Then came two, and one of them said: 'Oh, that's that fellow!' 'Yes, that is he!' answered the other. 'Yes, they used to read him in the auld lang syne.' 'They read a lot of them.' 'What was it he preached?' 'Oh, generally, ideas of beauty, goodness, and so forth.' Oh, yes, I remember.' 'He had a heavy tongue.' 'There is a lot

of them in the ground:—yes, Russia is rich in talents'. . . And those asses went away. It is true, warm words do not raise the temperature of the grave, and I do not care for that, yet it hurts me. And oh, how I wanted to give them a piece of my mind!"

"You ought to have given them a fine tongue-lashing!" smiled the devil.

"No, that would not have done. On the verge of the twentieth century it would be absurd for dead people to scold, and, besides, it would be hard on the materialists."

The devil again felt the ennui coming over him.

This author had always wished in his lifetime to be a bridegroom at all weddings and a corpse at all burials, and now that all is dead in him, his egotism is still alive. Is man of any importance to life? Of importance is only the human spirit, and only the spirit deserves applause and recognition. . . . How annoying people are! The devil was on the point of proposing to the author to return to his grave, when an idea flashed through his evil head. They had just reached a square, and heavy masses of buildings surrounded them on all sides. The dark, wet sky hung low over the square; it seemed as though it rested on the roofs and murkily looked at the dirty earth.

"Say," said the devil as he inclined pleasantly towards the author, "don't you want to know how your wife is getting on?"

"I don't know whether I want to," the author spoke slowly.

"I see, you are a thorough corpse!" called out the devil to annoy him.

"Oh, I don't know?" said the author and jauntily shook his bones. "I don't mind seeing her; besides, she will not see me, or if she will, she cannot recognize me!"

"Of course!" the devil assured him.

"You know, I only said so because

she did not like for me to go away long from home," explained the author.

And suddenly the wall of a house disappeared or became as transparent as glass. The author saw the inside of large apartments, and it was so light and cosy in them.

"Elegant appointments!" he grated his bones approvingly: "Very fine appointments! If I had lived in such rooms, I would be alive now."

"I like it, too," said the devil and smiled. And it is not expensive—it only costs some three thousands."

"Hem, that not expensive? I remember my largest work brought me 815 roubles, and I worked over it a whole year. But who lives here?"

"Your wife," said the devil.

"I declare! That is good. . . for her."

"Yes, and here comes her husband."

"She is so pretty now, and how well she is dressed! Her husband, you say? What a fine looking fellow! Rather a bourgeois phiz,—kind, but somewhat stupid! He looks as if he might be cunning,—well, just the face to please a woman."

"Do you want me to heave a sigh for you?" the devil proposed and looked maliciously at the author. But he was taken up with the scene before him.

"What happy, jolly faces both have! They are evidently satisfied with life. Tell me, does she love him?"

"Oh, yes, very much!"

"And who is he?"

"A clerk in a millinery shop."

"A clerk in a millinery shop," the author repeated slowly and did not utter a word for some time. The devil looked at him and smiled a merry smile.

"Do you like that?" he asked.

The author spoke with an effort:

"I had some children. . . I know they are alive. . . I had some children . . . a son and a daughter . . . I used to think then that my son would turn out in time a good man."

"There are plenty of good men, but what the world needs is perfect men," said the devil coolly and whistled a jolly march.

"I think the clerk is probably a poor pedagogue . . . and my son . . ."

The author's empty skull shook sadly.

"Just look how he is embracing her! They are living an easy life!" exclaimed the devil.

"Yes. Is that clerk a rich man?"

"No, he was poorer than I, but your wife is rich."

"My wife? Where did she get the money from?"

"From the sale of your books!"

"Oh!" said the author and shook his bare and empty skull.

"Oh! Then it simply means that I have worked for a certain clerk?"

"I confess it looks that way," the devil chimed in merrily.

The author looked at the ground and said to the devil:

"Take me back to my grave!"

\* \* \* It was late. A rain fell, heavy clouds hung in the sky, and the author rattled his bones as he marched rapidly to his grave . . . The devil walked behind him and whistled merrily.

\* \* \*

My reader, is of course, dissatisfied. My reader is surfeited with literature, and even the people that write only to please him, are rarely to his taste. In the present case my reader is also dissatisfied because I have said nothing about hell. As my reader is justly convinced that after death he will find his way there, he would like to know something about hell during his lifetime. Really, I can't tell anything pleasant to my reader on that score, because there is no hell, no fiery hell which it is so easy to imagine. Yet, there is something else and infinitely more terrible.

The moment the doctor will have said about you to your friends: "He is dead!" you will enter an immeasurable, illu-

minated space, and that is the space of the consciousness of your mistakes.

You lie in the grave, in a narrow coffin, and your miserable life rotates about you like a wheel.

It moves painfully slow, and passes before you from your first conscious step to the last moment of your life.

You will see all that you have hidden from yourself during your lifetime, all the lie and meanness of your existence: you will think over anew all your past thoughts, and you will see every wrong step of yours,—all your life will be gone over, to its minutest details!

And to increase your torments, you will know that on that narrow and stupid

road which you have traversed, others are marching, and pushing each other, and hurrying, and lying . . . And you understand that they are doing it all only to find out in time how shameful it is to live such a wretched, soulless life.

And though you see them hastening on towards their destruction, you are in no way able to warn them: you will not move nor cry, and your helpless desire to aid them will tear your soul to pieces.

Your life passes before you, and you see it from the start, and there is no end to the work of your conscience, and there will be no end . . . and to the horror of your torments there will never be an end . . . never!

### How Did Our Heroes Die?

[On Impressions by the Rev. Peter MacQueen, Correspondent of the  
"The National Magazine."]

How did the heroes strive—how fall—

In braving battle for the right

When at a People's sturdy call

They marshaled firm our Freedom's might?

They strove, they died, to crush a wrong

In ranks that knew the mortal stake,

Yet met their fate with cheer and song

For honor and their Nation's sake.

Once red-lipped boys in peril paled—

Stern men seemed as with hearts made still—

But none in noble errand quailed,

And all swept on with deathless will;

On with unswerving pride they pressed—

No more to falter or to flee—

But with their fevered lips they blessed

The hope-lit banner of the free.

From thicket, strand and ambushed reef

From hill where blood was spent as spray,

Where wounds and fever craved relief,

Far-treasured lives were flung away;

On mound and vale and surf-wrought beach

On steep and swamp of Cuba's sod

In Luzon's trench—in Mausers' reach

Unconquered sped their souls to God!

Henry O'Meara



By KATHERINE BROBSTON

IT had been a neck and neck race for the position of full-back,—of that all the foot-ball world was aware. Not only to those who were interested in the grid-iron heroes was this important fact known. There were others who cared nothing for the game, to whom a “goal from the field” and a “touch down” were so much Greek—persons with souls so dead that they did not even know whether a foot ball was made of pig skin or of rubber, and what was worse, did not care; and yet they knew of the competition for full-back. They could not help themselves, it seemed. The newspapers insisted upon telling them about it whether they wanted to hear it or not.

There was one feature of the race, however, that the foot ball world and the newspapers did not know and could not discuss. These two men who were struggling so valiantly day by day for the same position on the team, were fighting even more earnestly, and had been for years, to gain what had always seemed to each of them to be the most desirable thing on earth—Dorothy Wayne.

There seemed to be a strange fatality which had connected the lives of Sam Ashley and Jack Holton—that had made them rivals in whatever they had undertaken. It had dated from the day when

their kilts had been proudly banished and they had each appeared for the first time arrayed in trousers. After spending several minutes in awed admiration of each other, they started up the road to display their charms to Dorothy and had run all the way, each bent on being the first to burst upon her in his new glory.

Sam had won, because Jack, with his soft baby heart, could not resist stopping to help a poor, forlorn chick that had strayed away from its distracted mother hen. He had put it safely through the fence, and had come in a belated and panting second. But even in those days he was a true sportsman. It had never occurred to him to tell Dorothy why he had lost—he only said “He beat me fair, Dorothy, but I love you just as much.”

So they had grown to manhood—striving invariably to gain the same end, but through it all preserving an unbroken friendship, and going always to Dorothy for her verdicts. To Dorothy, who never disappointed them, but was always a fair and impartial judge. She had been their friend and playmate all their lives and they had conscientiously trained her to be a “good fellow,” and to have as sportsmanlike a spirit as their own. She had a thorough realization of the fact that the victory must go to the best man, and

that the one who was defeated must take his disappointment without a murmur and try again. If her sympathetic woman heart ached a little sometimes because one lost so often, she never showed it for fear they would think she was "just a softie, like other girls."

When they went to college it was a fore-

must come a change soon. The boys had talked it over between them the day they had said good-bye to her and started for college. Each knew the other loved her, and if she were content to let things go on as they were—they were not, and this fall must bring the change. This fall she must be their judge for the last time, and give the verdict on the race they had been running all their lives.

The first letters they sent her from college were the most earnest they had ever written. They were as different as



"SAY, MR. JACK," HE GASPED, "AIN'T YOU GOIN' TO PLAY?"

gone conclusion that they would try for the same position on the team. So, with good humored zeal and squarely, as they had fought all their battles, they started in to train.

Dorothy was still their comrade, the same impartial "pal" she had always been, and yet all three felt that there

the characters of the two men. Yet each told the same story and begged for the same reply. Of course, she was coming to the city for the first big game, and they asked her to have her answer ready then.

To-day would decide which one "made the team," and the boys felt that



this decision would influence Dorothy's. It was only natural that she should believe the one chosen the best man.

The whole squad were dressed and waiting to go on the field when the announcement was made. The room was strangely still as the coach entered. Each man held his breath and felt as anxious as though the fate were to be his own.

"Ashley, you will play in the game to-day. Holton will go in if a substitute is needed."

Immediately Jack Holton's hand was held out, and not a hearty note was wanting in his—"I congratulate you, Sam." Then they started for the field.

Every man in the room wanted to protest. Every man wanted to cheer for Jack. Jack, who was the most popular man in the whole squad. The oracle had spoken, however; theirs but to obey.

As they entered the grounds, Jack was the last to pass through the gate. There was a numb feeling about his heart and he moved in a rather dazed way. He passed through the throngs of people without noticing them. The policemen were shouting, the cabmen were swearing and the car bells were jangling, but they all seemed to Jack to be saying over and over again that one maddening word which seemed to be beating itself into his brain—lost—lost—lost!

As he went through the gate a small voice at his elbow piped:—"Say, Mister Jack, won't you take me in with you? Dan won't let me in to-day." He held out his hand mechanically and smiled from force of habit. It was second nature to Jack Holton to smile at a child, and Mike was one of his staunchest allies.

They had been sworn friends ever since the day that big Bill Jones had stolen Mike's flag and blacked his left eye. Mike had been standing on the corner, ignominiously covered with tears and gore, when Jack had appeared upon the scene and rushed to the rescue. He had siezed the offending Bill by the

collar, returned the flag and then poured oil on the troubled waters of Mike's grief by bearing him upon his shoulder to the "White House." Here he seated him upon a high stool and presented him with a "hot dog sandwich." Who would not willingly have both eyes blacked to have attained such heights of bliss? From that day to this, Mike's heart held but one ideal—Jack Holton.

He had noticed to-day, with the quick intuition of a child, that there was something wrong with his hero. He had confidently proffered his request, however, and it had not occurred to Jack to refuse him.

No one will ever know what the short walk from the gate to the substitute's bench meant to Jack. The stand was packed. The flags were flying gaily in the bright October sunshine. The band was trying its best to make itself heard, and the boys were shouting as only college boys at a football game do shout.

Jack shut his teeth hard. Whichever way he turned that one word rang in his ears—the band played it—the flags fluttered to the time of it, and the boys all seemed to be shouting it—lost—lost—lost. And over and above it all, one thought kept surging through his mind—"Dorothy was there. She had seen the team come on the field and knew that Sam had won the place. Possibly she would think he had not tried—that he had no ambition and did not care!"

He felt that he would give all that he possessed to be able to get away by himself or even just to cover up his face, and shut out this bright, joyous scene. Even the class song he had thought so beautiful a few hours ago seemed changed now. All the gladness had gone out of it, and it had fitted itself to the same monotonous refrain—lost—lost—lost.

Mike, meanwhile, was in the seventh heaven of delight. This was, indeed, a proud moment for him. Would not all the "fellers" see him walking with big



Jack Holton? When they got to the substitute's bench, however, and Jack sat down, his expression slowly changed.

"Say, Mister Jack," he gasped, "ain't you a goin' to play?"

"No Mike. Ashley has beaten me at last. We'll have to cheer for him to-day."

If the sun had suddenly fallen into the sea, the light could not have gone out

of games left that's never been touched. We'll beat him out yet."

Jack winced, and caught his breath. Yes, there was another game that mattered even more than this one, but he had lost that, too. Somehow, he felt very grateful for Mike's sympathy. He put his arm around the little fellow and tried to smile as the referee's whistle



"DOROTHY HAD BEEN WATCHING ALL THE TIME."

more completely from Mike's face. That "Mister Jack," his idol, should not play in the game! In the seven short years of his life no such shock had come to him. For a minute he blinked fast, then, remembering that the "fellers" were watching him, he stood up straight, swallowed hard and said:

"Never mind, Mister Jack, there's lots

sounded the signal for the game to start.

Dorothy had been watching them all the time. She could not hear what they said, but could see their faces. It may seem foolish, and it certainly proved that she was "just a softie like other girls" after all, for she blinked very fast, too. She had never fully realized until that moment how much she did care.

But as she saw Jack walking to the substitute's bench, hand in hand with that small, very grimy boy, a big lump rose in her throat and her eyes filled with tears. For an instant the scene before her was blotted out—the crowd, the band—the field were gone. Only the bright blue sky and the sunshine were left and she was a tiny little girl again in a short white dress and broad blue sash, with her yellow curls blowing in the breeze. She was standing in the dusty road at home, and Jack in his first boy's suit was panting out—

"He beat me fair, Dorothy, but I love you just as much."

The whistle brought her down to earth again, but in that short trip back to baby days she had learned something that she had wanted very much to know. There was no more hesitation now. Her decision was made. Tearing the back from her score-book, she wrote a few words on it, then asked one of the men in the box to take it to Jack's room between the halves.

The game was played and won. Sam Ashley was unmistakably the hero of the day. The boys looked at him with wonder. They had not known it was in him to play like that. As Charlie Brinton said to the reporter when asked to give his opinion—

"What did I think of Ashley to-day? I think he played better than he knew how."

When the whistle sounded for the last time, the boys rushed into the field, seized him and carried him off, amid the most deafening and appreciative shouts.

And Jack?—Well, Jack cheered with the other boys until he was hoarse and walked slowly toward the dormitories.

He did not stop at the training house. He had shouted his congratulations to Sam as he passed him, and felt as if he could not see the other boys just yet. Mike went with him, but he did not mind that. Somehow, the little urchin seemed to share his disappointment.

As he passed through the gate and across the triangle Jack drew his breath hard. He knew there would be a note from Dorothy. He had asked her to send her answer up right after the game. He felt sure, now, of what it would be, and was trying to pull himself together to meet this second defeat, which would be so much harder to bear than the first.

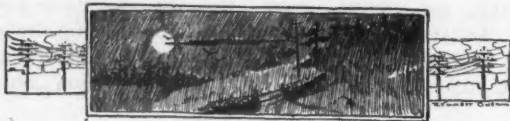
As he opened the door he saw the folded program, with his name upon it, lying on the table. With a hurried—"Make yourself at home, Mike," he strode across the room and picked it up. A strange, bitter expression came over his face as he looked at it. "Why had she written it on that," he wondered. "It wasn't like Dorothy to rub things in. She need not have tried to make it harder for him. Still, life without Dorothy would always be hard, so he might as well try to get used to it in the first place."

Then he opened it.

"Jack Dear," it ran, "I cannot write the answer you want down here at the game, but come up to-night and I will give it to you. Dorothy."

Mike was standing, looking out of the window. Suddenly he found himself up in the air, looking at the ceiling, and Jack, as he held him high above his head, answered his remark made as the game began:—

"Yes, Mikey, old boy, there were lots of other games that had never been touched, and we have beaten him in the best game after all."



# Why Turkish Women Like the Harem

By ARTHUR McILROY

YESTERDAY the Turk was bluffing his creditors. He called up the Kaiser on the telephone. "Send me some more Krupp guns," he said—"and charge it." Then to his creditors, "Come on and collect, if you can." The day before that he had Greece across his knee, laying on the slipper. To-day, as this is written, he is protesting volubly that he doesn't know anything about the brigands who have kidnapped an American woman missionary and are holding her for a ransom of \$100,000. Meantime, the whole world is straining its eyes toward that vague spot on the border line between Turkey and Bulgaria where the brigands and their victim are believed to be hiding, fed by the peasantry and not too vigorously pursued by the troops of either nation.

It is a dull month when the Turk does not, either by design or accident, occupy the center of the world's stage a portion of the time. He is always interesting. He is the spirit of the middle ages, now and again breaking through the thin crust of twentieth century civilization down by the Mediterranean, where the crust is thinnest.

The passing events lend a singular timeliness to Henry Otis Dwight's really informing new book, "Constantinople and Its Problems," published by Fleming H. Revell Company of Chicago and New York.

We are accustomed to think of Paris as France; in even a larger degree is Constantinople the heart and brains of the Turkish empire. Mr. Dwight first considers "The City as the Centre of a World"—the Moslem world. Next he discusses "The Mohammedan Ques-

tion," "The Woman Question," "The Eastern Church," "The Meeting of East and West"—in Constantinople; "Schools and School Teachers," and finally, under the chapter title "A Half Forgotten Agency," the press and pulpit.

You read the book through carefully, and your first impression is that the author has an intimate first hand knowledge of and a sincere affection for the people among whom he has spent years of missionary endeavor. He has, moreover, a vigorous and picturesque English, with a charm all its own. He sees the incidents and episodes of every day life, which, in themselves insignificant, are illuminative of general conditions when brought into print at just the right places.

Briefly stated, the conditions in Turkey are these:

*The Mohammedan religion has degenerated into the practising of dead rites—mere lip service, lacking any meaning to most of its followers; the Eastern Christian church, corrupted by centuries of Moslem dominance, has lost its vitality, is down on a par with Mohammedanism so far as concerns the teaching, or even the comprehension of the vital principles of living religion; the masses of the Turkish, the Armenian, the Greek and the Jewish elements of the population have actually lost their old and once mighty literatures.*

At the dawn of the nineteenth century they had practically ceased to read. For seventy years the missionary societies of Great Britain and America have been working shoulder to shoulder to awaken in these peoples a desire for learning as expounded in the literature of the west. They have founded schools and presses, and by arousing the emulation of the

government have led that institution to found many other schools for the teaching of modern learning. These schools are pouring out, to quote the author, "partially educated young people who demand to read." This demand has gone beyond the ability of the missionary presses to supply it. The result is that vendors of cheap and degrading literature, mainly translations from the French gutter authors, have taken advantage of the thirst for reading and are threatening to seize the literary supremacy hitherto held by the missionaries.

This fact leads Mr. Dwight to make an eloquent plea for more funds to be employed in the dissemination of helpful literature through the agency of the Bible house.

His final deduction is, that without knowledge and acceptance of the teachings of Christ the Moslem population cannot be brought into any real state of civilization, any real brotherhood with the enlightened nations of the earth. Mr. Dwight would have the Western church work on the Moslem through the agency of the Eastern—the Greek—church, which he believes can be inspired with new zeal and made once more a powerful agency for real Christianity.

The women are the real rulers of Turkey. This is the profound conviction of Mr. Dwight after long observation. He believes it will be found true of any country that maintains the harem system. The manner of their rule, the sources of their power, and the ultimate effect upon the spiritual quality of the sex, will be obvious to the least penetrating reader. True to their training, and to that instinct of conservatism which marks women of all countries and all times, the women of Turkey do not rule their country for their country's good. "This blind and childish opposition to the new, and equally childish devotion to what is old, is one chief element of

the Woman Question in Turkey," writes the author.

"In that passage of the book of Genesis which relates the hopeless corruption of mankind, a cause of this corruption is stated to be that 'the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and took them wives of all which they chose.' This curious passage has been cited to support arguments that when the sons of Adam were turned loose in that most conservative of continents, it was the fair daughters of pre-existing Asiatics who wrought their downfall.

*"However this may be, the historic fact remains that whenever a nobler and sturdier type of manhood has tried to establish itself upon that continent, Asia has relied upon her women to crush the attempt.*

"Women in Asia have always furnished both the initiative and the ingenious store of means to obstruct anything like progress. Turkey is no exception to this rule."

"Either marry off your daughter at 16 or bury her," is a saying that represents the prevailing sentiment of the Turk toward his womenkind. In short, he holds that woman was made for wifehood—extended under the "liberal" rules of the Mohammedan religion to mean concubinage. That the women of Turkey, even the educated women, not only accept but defend this state of affairs, is proof of the tremendous magnitude of the task the western churches have undertaken in the effort to bring Turkey up to the level of western civilization.

Turks are respectful to women, we are informed, and Turkish lovers drop into poetry quite as readily as their western brethren in misery—or ecstasy, as the case may chance to be. The love songs they write are quite as extravagant in their terms of adoration as those of western lovers.

*"But" — says Mr. Dwight—when we seek to know the mature judgment of men who have experienced life, they give their*

*frank opinion that women have no wits, and that they have so much innate depravity as to make their education a sin, and a danger to the community."*

These are the quoted views of Yusef Bey, a learned Turk:

"A bachelor is a king; but a married man—ugh! Perhaps women in your country are more able to take care of the houses; if so, would that I had known of it before I was born into such a land as this! The worst of it is that I knew all about the troubles of married life before I was married; who does not that has had a father and mother? But an old uncle of mine once told me that if I would seek out a wife who had nothing, she would be grateful to me and give me no trouble. So I looked about until I came across a good-looking girl whose possessions were those of a new-born babe; she had not a rag to her back. I married her; and just as soon as I had given her clothes to cover herself, she began to ask for more. It has been ask, ask, ask ever since. She wants new clothes; she wants rich food; she wants jewelry; she wants everything and keeps up the cry all the time. I explain to her that this government of ours gives me only three months' pay in a year and I try to make her understand that I am not a magician to make money out of straw. But her only answer is, 'I want it.' My house is like a judgment hall every minute. I have to live in the coffee shop. I leave my house at day-break and go back for dinner at night."

Being a bachelor, I am of course not qualified to speak with authority; but I understand from a vague sort of hearsay that there are many Yusefs, not all lo-

cated in Turkey. And I haven't a bit of sympathy with any of them. I venture to say Mrs. Yusef would be able to tell a story of quite another sort, could she obtain the ear of the public.

The Turkish law requires the husband to use the lash upon his wife in order to make sure that she says her prayers regularly, and in other ways makes her his property. "Woman, thus degraded," says Mr. Dwight, "applies herself to development as a mere animal. It is a revenge of which she has no means of knowing the measure." She thrives by pleasing the man who marries her, and seems content with that position of slavish dependence.

"We do not mix in the society of men," writes Fatima Aliye Khanum, one of the few famous women writers of Turkey; "but then, they do not mix in our society, and the loss is entirely on their side. Women have as much liberty to move about as the men. Woman is treated by all men with respect, for when she speaks to a man in a public place, he does not raise his eyes from the ground. Her property is her own. A husband labors to make a fortune, a wife labors to spend it only. The wife shares the dignity of her husband, and with far more splendor of ostentation. The woman of high rank is courted by the woman of low degree because she absolutely controls the patronage belonging to the official position of her husband.

*"But chiefly marriages with us are happy because the wife knows, when her husband is out of her sight, that whatever he may be doing, the seclusion of women makes it certain that at least he is not bowing and smiling at other women."*

### Anchors

The anchors are strong that hold the ships;

The wires are strong that bridge the fall;

But all of their strength must suffer eclipse

Compared with the words of a woman's lips,

For she binds the man that has made them all.—E. F. Ware



# Life's Fun and Philosophy

By NIXON WATERMAN

**WOULD** you like to be truly beautiful? Thoreau says: "We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, and any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them." So there now, you sour-visaged, plain-faced peoples, go along about your business and grow handsome.

**D**EPEND on yourself. A knowledge of how to swim is better than to expect somebody will be at hand to throw you a life-preserver in case of accident.

**T**IS a busy world, dear friends, and if we would have people to listen patiently to our story we must be brief. Dr. Barrow, of London, once preached so long that all his congregation dropped off, leaving the sexton and himself alone. The sexton finding the doctor apparently no nearer a conclusion, said to him, "Sir, here are the keys; please lock up the church when you get through your discourse." It is quality and not quantity that counts. "Not how much but how good."

## Toward the Light

**B**RUSH back your hair and look up through the skylight,  
Don't blink at God through the eyes of a mole;  
Come from the gloom of a self-shrouded twilight  
Into the broad golden day of the soul.  
Gaze on the stars and be wrapt in their story,  
List to the wonderful purpose they tell.

Think on their Cause nor be-shadow the glory

With narrowing thoughts of a man-fashioned hell.

Say to your brother and sister, "I love you!"

Fill all of life with your beautiful deeds;

Climb to the heaven of beauty above you  
Not on a ladder of meaningless creeds.

Walk in the sunshine and grow in your gladness,

Gather life's joys as you journey along;  
God will not curse with an infinite mad-

ness

Souls that are filled with an infinite song.



## On the Building of Monuments

*"And thou, O Land he loved, rejoice  
That in the countless years to come,  
Whenever Freedom needs a voice,  
These sculptured lips shall not be dumb."*

**T**HOSE lines written by John Greenleaf Whittier might well be given a place on the statue that the Whittier Home Association of Amesbury, Mass., is planning to erect to the memory of the Quaker poet. It has been said of the statues to be found in England that there is hardly any of them, over thirty-eight feet high, that have not been raised to the memory of somebody who "repulsed the enemy with fierce and bloody slaughter." Our American statues are built very much after that plan. In every American city there are statues of generals who are known only in the war records. But few know anything about them except what is chiseled in the stone.



The bloodier the general the more frequently is he monumented. The peace-loving Abraham Lincoln who, had his counsel been heeded, would have done away with slavery without resorting to a tremendously bloody war, has, I believe, but three statues erected to his memory in all America. Whittier never killed anybody. He never was in favor of having anybody else kill anybody else. He never was so cowardly as to stay at home and hire some assassins to go and kill somebody whom he, himself, would not care to lay hands upon. Why should he be monumented? The average man whom we meet upon the street and who has forgotten the names of a dozen of our presidents of the United States, and nearly all the kings of Europe, has heard of and remembers Whittier. Words, kind words, are the only things that live forever. Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Bryant and others of our revered dead need no monuments. He who needs a monument to preserve his memory deserves none. Then why build monuments? Because the people need them. They stand as memorials for those who build them rather than for those to whose memory they are reared. It is well worth our while for us to tell the coming generations that we were not unmindful of the sweet peace and beauty and truth and love which the Quaker poet brought into our homes.

### Pleasant Meditations

THE soul contains a window where  
Sweet thoughts let in the sun and air;  
But some with self that window cloy  
And shut out all the light and joy.

This seems like a very stingy world to the man who never gives anything.

Others may injure, for the time being, our reputation; but character is forever in our own keeping.

CONTENTMENT in her cottage spins  
beside the glowing hearth  
And hears the kettle softly sing the sweetest song on earth,  
But Envy at her window sits and sobs  
and sighs all day  
To own a splendid mansion like the  
folks across the way.

If the heart is light the burden on our  
shoulders does not seem so heavy.

LET'S not despise just common things  
For here's a truth there is no dodging;  
The bird that soars on proudest wings  
Comes down to earth for board and  
lodging.

Cheerfulness is the best sugar coating  
yet found for life's bitterness.

AND if you cannot do the best,  
Then do the best you can;  
For that's the best 'twas ever done  
By any mortal man.

It is all well enough to lay up something for a rainy day, but we should not go through life thinking that the whole future is going to be stormy.

OF ancient Gaul we often hear  
But we're constrained to say  
It couldn't match, nor nowhere near,  
The gall folks have to-day.

A rose in the hand is worth a whole  
wreath on the coffin.

Curses are not the only things that  
come home to roost. Kindnesses as  
surely return to their giver.

Since we make our own happiness we  
should think twice before we say this is  
a sorry world.

The cheerful man is one who practices  
the art of having things as he would  
have them.

"O WAD some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourself as ithers see us,"  
And it might help a lot, my brothers,  
To see ourselves as we see others.

Warm-hearted persons are not the ones who complain that this is a cold, cold world.

Persons who really wish to become angels should make a start in that direction while they are yet mortals.

Hate hurts the hater most. Don't pinch yourself and expect others to feel the hurt.

### Put on a Good Front

**Y**ES, indeed, my complaining brother,

I know you are having a hard time of it without your having to go into the details of your troubles so frequently. Any one who makes a business of recounting his misfortunes has a sorrowful lot in life. It is only the man who thinks upon how much good comes to him that is really rich and happy. By planting a flower of hope over the grave of every disappointment he has beauty where others might have only bereavement; he has a song where others would have a sigh; he has strength for every new struggle where they must break with the weight of accumulating woes. But did you ever think that were you to practice the art of deceiving others and making them think you are happy when you are not, you might sometime succeed in making yourself think so, too? And wouldn't that be ever so much better for all concerned than to make yourself and world believe you are unhappy when such is not truly the case? The man who is physically ill certainly can not wish to have everybody about him ill. The man who is mentally or spiritually ill has as little excuse for trying to inflict everyone else with his malady. If you have "the blues" and you know of some one who can cure them go and state your case to him at once, but if you do not care to be cured you should quarantine yourself and not spread your gloom about your neighborhood. For-

tunately we have a panacea for the many mythical ills that seek to overwhelm us. It is to be found in work. The worry weed grows only in spots where nothing better is planted. It finds no place in active minds and busy hands. The next time you are feeling "blue" go and mow the lawn, saw some wood, shovel the snow off the walk, polish your boots, or do some one of the hundreds of things that would put your blood into circulation and make you to see the real joy and purpose of living. Happiness is merely a state of mind and the surroundings that cause some to think a purgatory enable others to think for themselves a precious paradise. Put on a good front. If you can't paint your house, whitewash it. It ought to be as much of a social offence for us to wear a needlessly sorry face as it would be for us to wear unnecessarily dirty linen. We should not wear an expression that tells those about us that we do not care to add to their sunshine. The grumpy man should offer some excellent apology for his mental weakness. All of us have troubles of our own. During the Battle of the Wilderness a number of the wounded soldiers found their way to the rear and collected in a spot away from the stress of the conflict, where they did what they could to aid and to cheer one another. Some one of their number was able to bring a pail of water from somewhere. In the pail was a cup. The cup full of pure, life-giving water was offered first to the one who seemed to be most in need of it—a soldier who had been shot through the lip.

"Oh, no!" said he, waving it on toward the others, "let me drink last, so that I won't bloody the cup."

Oh, my good brother, the way may be long and weary, the battle may be fierce and against great odds, you may be wounded in the strife, but be the draught sweet or bitter, endeavor so to drink that you will not bloody the cup.

# Paradise and the Serpent

By LEIGH NORTH

**I**T was Paradise and the Serpent—not the Peri, though he tried to pose as the Peri.

"Shall I speak in German, French, Arabic, Italian or English?"

"Oh! English, please!" she gasped timidly.

The soft wind from the desert had blown aside the curtain at the door and preceded the intruder. He saw a slim girl with arms above her head gazing in a small mirror, which reflected dark hair, large, soft eyes and a fluctuating color that came and went with a tinge of deepest crimson.

Instead of Eastern drapery she wore a thin white dress with all the ruffles and furbelows of Western civilization. He knew at a glance she was not indigenous to the soil. Among her peers she might have passed simply as a pretty girl. Here one was disposed to accord to her almost the term beautiful.

"Pardon me, but may I ask for water and step in out of the sun just a moment? It seems very cool and delightful in here, and Anglo-Saxon has a pleasant sound?"

"Oh yes—I suppose so," she answered hesitatingly.

A moment since she had thought herself alone in the wide, sunshiny world, and now here perhaps was an episode, an adventure, something at least to write home about.

Life of late had become deliciously monotonous. Delicious of course—how else, since she was a bride? But it must be confessed a trifle monotonous.

She saw a broad shouldered man, as he removed his pith helmet and bent his head to enter, showing a fine brow and

hair with a ripple of curl; she said to herself that he was very handsome, and, reassuringly, that he was a gentleman. Her casual, inexperienced glance read no deeper.

"Water is a boon one must seek wherever possible when a desert is near," and his eyes roved quickly over the room.

Above the little mirror on the front wall a high latticed window admitted a subdued light. On either side was a door over which hung curtains, the one looking towards the narrow streets or alleys of the town with their high, stone walled houses or mud huts, the other towards the long stretch of desert sands. Opposite a third door led into another apartment. The walls were hung with draperies and around them ran divans and couches piled with pillows. One or two low stools stood about.

So much was Eastern, but a small table in the corner with a few books and a writing pad, and a wire frame on one wall, holding a number of photographs, were of distinctly Western origin.

"Madame's family?" queried the guest, waving his hand towards the pictures, and with surprising accuracy he judged their American birth and even something of their social status. Girls with tip-tilted noses, in their "Sunday best," young men with wide awake, "good-as-you-are" expressions and matrons in youthful finery.

"Yes, and my friends at home," she replied, looking complacently at the collection. Then she clapped her hands and with an imperious little gesture, fast becoming natural to her, uttered the one foreign word she was familiar with, "Water!" in a tone of command to the

native woman who entered.

"I'd drink to you," said the visitor as he took the goblet that was handed him, but it's bad luck to drink healths in this beverage, good as it is. Never mind, I'll do it when I get something stronger."

The color flickered prettily in her cheeks.

"Madame is lonely here—is it not so, away from all the social engagements and pleasures of her native land?"

He was sipping his draught as slowly as might be.

"Yes—no—my husband is with me part of the time. He is busy morning and afternoon teaching in the Mission school, but he comes at noon and he is with me in the evening." A peculiar look flitted over his face, "He likes me to have a nice rest—after," but she did not finish the sentence or she would have said days of toil in the factory at home.

"It's all new and pleasant," she added, "and the journey here was beautiful."

Then she stopped, realizing suddenly that he had no warrant for lengthened intrusion, nor she for prolonged intercourse. He took the hint.

"Madame has been very kind. I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing her again. She did well to be looking at the prettiest thing around, as when I came." And he bowed himself out while her cheeks flushed crimson.

She lay back on the cushions and reflected. To do nothing was in itself a pleasure. Her mind wandered to her old life and she smiled at the contrast. Housework among several sisters in a home where servants were unknown. Teaching a little in a public school, and the dull grind of factory life with its long hours and steady occupation. Then Gilbert had come and all had been changed after she had met him.

"Water!" she cried again for the mere pleasure of being waited on and the native woman came obediently, a dark,

half draped figure and squatted down as she often did, eyeing her mistress curiously.

The curtain of the opposite door was pushed aside and a young man entered. He was slightly built, scarcely taller than his wife, but his well cut face spoke both capacity and purpose. She threw herself upon him with a warm caress.

"How is my little Queen?" he asked with all a lover's tenderness. Then held her from him to look in her face. To him she was the most beautiful of women.

"Have you been doing a little studying this afternoon?" and he glanced inquiringly at the books on the table. She pouted.

"No—O, no! I felt lazy this afternoon. It is so nice to do nothing."

"You poor dear," he said kindly, "you did work too hard."

It was his fond but foolish pride now to see her play the fine lady and he noted with pleasure how white and delicate her hands had grown. He worked hard, but for her, at least for the present, it must be playtime. Then he began to talk eagerly of his class, of its progress and his hopes about it, and she listened with her arms about his neck and her eyes fixed on his face, as he loved to have her. Little enough did she care for it all in itself but for his sake she roused herself to interest.

"There was an Englishman here this afternoon—he wanted a drink of water."

"An Englishman? Oh, you gave it to him, I suppose," and then he plunged back into the subject to which he was so keenly alive.

"My little girl will help me too," he murmured, "after she learns a little Arabic."

"Sometime," she said vaguely and thought to herself she would be in no hurry with studies.

A love of dress had always been with her an inordinate passion. When she earned her own living a large proportion

of it had gone for personal adornment and, as Gilbert had some means of his own beside his salary, on her way to and after she had reached her new home she had treated herself to many things she desired. Her lonely afternoons were often childishly spent in trying on and surveying herself in various attires and she even endeavored to imitate pictures she could remember.

A few days later the whim took her to deck herself in an Eastern garb. She let down her dark, thick hair, put a small embroidered red cap on her head, wrapped herself in a pale yellow robe with gilt threads running through it and stuck her bare foot into a sandal. She smiled, well pleased with the reflection in her mirror, then threw herself on the divan under the latticed window.

"Just pretend I was Empress of all the East," she said to herself, laughing and stretching out her hand commandingly. Then she half blushed, "What a fool I am!" and murmuring "Poor Gilbert!" seized the Arabic grammar and dictionary and returned to her place to attempt to study, but really to lounge and dream again.

"This air must have got into my blood. I don't want to study and work!" she talked to herself aloud now sometimes in her solitary hours. She looked up half pleased, half startled, to see the same tall figure that had intruded upon her a few days before.

"The light of the harem," he said, bowing, "no wonder she does not want to work."

"You must have the ears of a donkey!" she returned a little sharply.

"It was not necessary. Madame spoke aloud. But East or West it is all success," he added, fixing upon her his bold, admiring eyes.

"It's a doubtful compliment to be called 'the light of the harem,'" speaking low and looking down.

"Not to an Oriental."

"I'm only playing," she said. "But you must have your glass of water and go. I—I—you must not stay like this. I do not know you."

"But in America I thought all was free."

"Not so free as you think, perhaps; and this is not America."

"My mother and sister are not here," he said plaintively. "I am a poor lonely stranger. It is good to have some one to talk to. Will not Madame spare me a few moments of her so abundant leisure?"

The tone was so incongruous they both laughed.

"No! no! you must go," she said. He paid no heed but sat down beside her and began talking in a wild way that interested and fascinated her. If Gilbert were only here and he had some sort of knowledge of her guest she thought how amusing and entertaining it would be. He began tossing into the air a silver bangle with curious rings and medals fastened to it. She stretched out her hand and he deftly slipped it upon her arm. She examined it with interest. Then "Take your bracelet!" she cried, but he had risen and was gone.

She stood up with it in her hand, looking at it doubtfully but wishing it were hers.

"Oh dear, Gilbert won't like it, and he won't understand!" she exclaimed and then hesitatingly she laid it away. "I must watch out for him and give it back."

"Gilbert," she said, when he returned, trying to speak unconcernedly—naturally she wished to be honest, at least in a measure, "that Englishman stopped by and asked for a drink again."

"Englishman? I don't know any Englishman around here." And then with a slight shade of annoyance he added "Belle, I would not have anything to say to strangers. Tell them to go elsewhere. This is not America, you



know. One needs to be careful."

Then she began hurriedly to talk, as she was fond of doing, of her long journey out to meet him, under care of a gentleman and his wife, and what she had seen in London and Paris, and the other subject dropped.

Now day by day, half hidden by the curtain, she watched for the stranger, wishing to restore the trinket which fascinated yet disturbed her. And late one afternoon, with a fine pair of horses and a light vehicle, he drew up at the door, startling her with the suddenness of his appearance.

"Waiting for me, eh?" he said with a note of triumph in his tone.

"I wanted to give you back this; you forgot it," holding up the bangle. She seemed to lose her usual coolness and presence of mind when she addressed him.

For his only answer he swung her lightly into the vehicle and placed the reins in her hands.

"Oh don't! I can't! I am afraid!" she cried and sat trembling, not daring to stir lest the steeds should run away with her.

"Hold steady and you're all right," he retorted, and, plunging into the inner apartment, returned with a sunshade and wrap.

"Let me out! I mustn't!" she protested.

"Just a little turn," he answered soothingly and gathered up the reins and away they flew. Driving had been a rare pleasure in her former experience, never had she been behind such horses as these. A wild sense of exultation seized her, thrills of delight set every nerve tingling as they sped along the sandy road and past the scattered palm trees. She sat silent, with glowing eyes and parted lips, the color coming and going.

He looked at her and smiled, "what a fool you were to throw yourself away on a missionary!" he said at last.

His words seemed to wake her rudely from a ravishing dream.

"Take me home at once!" she cried, "I must be mad! Gilbert will be so angry!" She had never known him angry with her but she could picture it.

Her charioteer turned without a word and soon swung her again lightly to the ground at her own door. She entered hastily, then cried with a sudden sense of relief: "He is not here yet!"

Never before had she been glad at the thought of not meeting lover or husband and it smote her with a keen reproach.

"Good thing too!" said the other with an expletive, standing at the door with the reins in his hand. "If you're wise and take my advice you'll keep your own counsel. What harm's done?"

"I must, I must tell him! Go!" she said. An expression half of contempt, half incredulity crossed his face, as she turned away.

Then she looked at him again irresolutely. "Tell me, are you an Englishman?"

"As much as anything. Born on the high seas."

"And your name? Gilbert will want to know."

He smiled skeptically. He had not much faith in Gilbert's hearing about the adventure, "Sir Nobody," he said, bowing himself out.

And he was right. Gilbert did not hear of the drive. Again and again she tried to speak of it, but the words would not come. Neither did she write home about it, as she had once intended.

Then a kind of terror seized her, and for days she kept her doors shut and barred and buried herself in the inner apartment with her woman in attendance or within call.

At last came a very hot spell and as the shadows were beginning to lengthen she wrapped herself in a veil and crept out for air. Gilbert was to be detained late that night, as she knew, and she could

not have his company. She seldom went out alone, but she felt she must have air, at least a breath, and as she glided along seeking the shadow a pair of horses drew up beside her and a now familiar voice exclaimed.

"Well, my lady, I've caught you at last! You've kept very close of late. Did you get a lecture?"

She stood still but made no answer.

"Come for a little turn," he said. "It will do you good after the heat."

She longed for the dash and the breeze their speed would create, but she shook her head. He sprang out with a laugh and swung her in half-heartedly protesting against it. "Just this once," she said to herself; it should never happen again.

On and on. Suddenly he grasped the reins in his right hand and throwing his left arm around her pressed his lips to her cheek. "I've looked at those roses long enough! It's time I had some reward!"

A quick tide of mortification, shame and terror swept over her. To the brink of what precipice had her vanity, her weakness—even now she told herself she had meant no harm—brought her? She wrenched herself from him, leaned forward, seized the whip, struck at the horses, and threw herself out of the vehicle. The unexpected movement jerked the reins from his hands. With an oath he tried to catch them—in vain! The maddened steeds galloped furiously onward and she lay stunned and unconscious on the sands!

But strange to say, save that she felt strained and bruised, she was not injured and, coming to, she got up painfully. One glance showed her the vehicle a vanishing speck in the distance and slowly and wearily she made her way home in the quickly gathering darkness and went at once to bed.

She feigned sleep when her husband returned, but her brain seemed in a whirl and no sleep came. And in the night watches she crept closer to him and told

her story, keeping back nothing. She felt his slight form stiffen and without a word he rose, wrapped a mantle about him and lay upon the floor. She attempted to go to him but a gesture she dared not disobey kept her back. The night light burned dimly and showed his rigid form.

"Oh Gilbert! I meant no harm! It was lonely and I only wanted a little amusement. I never cared for anybody but you. I have nobody else here. Don't throw me off!" she pleaded, but for once he was deaf to her voice. The conflict within stopped his ears as he lay and wrestled with himself in bitterness of soul. There was murder in his heart toward this unknown who he felt had robbed him of a treasure, and grief, disappointment and dismay as he thought of his wife. Had he made a fatal mistake, which would last for a lifetime, in loving and marrying her?

And so the night wore on and she alternately wept and pleaded or dropped into fitful dreams. But no slumber came to him, and at dawn, as she slept, he rose and crept away.

Later she awakened with a start and slipping on a wrapper went from her bed to a couch and cast herself upon it, drinking the cup of coffee her attendant brought her, but refusing all food. And so she lay miserably through the long day, thinking of her old life and how she had first met Gilbert and their love and waiting time; how he had stooped, as even she knew, socially, in marrying her. And then of the dear, delightful journey to meet him at an appointed place where under the care of the friends she had traveled with he had married her and brought her to this strange, foreign home. And then she thought forlornly what was to become of her if he turned from her. And so again and again, as the hours went by, and as the shadows began to lengthen she heard his step and turned her face to the wall. Then he came and

took her in his arms, "Poor, poor child!" he said, "It was my fault. I should never have left you so idle and so alone!" And looking in his face she realized dimly, but as never before, how generous was the love he bore her.

Later there came to them the story of an Englishman who had been picked up with a broken leg, far away on the sands, and Isabel turned pale and shuddered, and for a moment a vengeful light

gleamed in Gilbert's eye, but they said no word.

And she found herself watched over with a tenderer care than ever, but forced with a gentle pressure she could not resist to work and study as never before. And she learned the lesson beside her husband's steady enthusiasm that life is real and earnest and its playtime but the occasional gleam which lightens and flits across the path.

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### To Her I Think of

I THINK and think and think of you,  
I think more than you think I'm thinking;  
When e'er I think to think I do  
And think when into slumber sinking.

I think you think I think of you  
Not near so much as I am thinking;  
But still I'm thinking fond and true.  
And never think from thinking shrinking.

Sometimes I think you think I think  
And think I see your features pinking.  
'Tis sweet to think you think I think  
E'en though you only think I'm thinking.

Sometimes I think perhaps you think  
To quit your old coquettish winking;  
(And now I think you'll think I think  
A deal of you since thus I'm thinking.)

Sometimes I think you think of me  
And think with me of fortunes linking;  
Think you, you think thus faithfully  
Or do ! only think you're thinking?

*Douglas Malloch*

# Passing the Love of Woman

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE moonlight fell in a soft, wide band across the figured floor; a slight breeze played with the curtains of the open window and brought the breath of the garden into the dim moonlit room; a sparrow woke in the orange tree without and sent a song of love pulsing through the sweet night silence; and farther away, from the palm at the back of the palace, floated in the low, mournful notes of a dove.

The bar of silver lay between an old man and a maiden, a girl as fair and lovely as the fragrant moonlight night, and a youth who sat beside her in the dress of a prince. They were lovers. They had come for a blessing.

At the call of the dove the old man leaned forward to listen. The silver of the moon mingled with the silver of the waving hair about his face—a face of wondrous strength, of majesty even, and exalted pose. There was no need of a crown for that head. Its very pose was royal. Israel never had but one countenance like that—but one king, one psalmist, one man of whom it was written: He was after God's own heart.

He had fallen back into the shadow again and was speaking:

"Love, children? Yes I have loved, but not as I have been loved. The love of man and woman is the heat of the flame and fagot. It burns; and the embers may soon smoulder and grow cold. But the love of a man for a man is the burning of the sun. It cannot die into ember, into cold gray ash. In my youth I was loved by a son of Saul with a love passing the love of woman.

"How well I remember him! How beautiful he was! A king by right of all

that blood and nobleness can give—tall, strong and quick as the roebuck; with a face more gentle than the twilight and a spirit of the freshness and fragrance of spring.

"I had seen Jonathan before when I was armor-bearer to King Saul—but our first meeting was in his father's tent on the battle field of the water-course of Elah. It was the day I came with Abner, holding the head of Goliath in my hand. The warriors without the tent were shouting of my deed. The King had forgotten me—strange it seemed then—and was asking who I was, not wholly pleased, I noticed at the shouts outside, nor at the sight of the Philistine's head in my hand, wishing it back upon its own shoulders. While he was speaking Jonathan stood behind him, watching me.

## The Friends' First Meeting.

I was turning to go when the young prince rushed forward, threw his arms about me and without a word kissed my cheek. Then he stripped off his cloak and cast it over it, unbuckled his sword and forced it into my hand, and with his girdle bound me about the loins.

"Astonishment made me dumb. I was too abashed to resist. Who was I, the son of Jesse, that the son of Saul should make me captain with his own royal robe and sword?

"'Nay! nay!' he said, forestalling my protest with his finger on my lips, 'These things are mine. I shall do as I wish. No word, not one. Now they are yours; wear them; for my soul is knit with yours.'

"Then embracing me again, he took my hand and led me to his own tent.

He listened while I told him of the hills, of the flocks, the beasts, the nights of watching with the stars, of how, from across the brook, I had seen the unprotected forehead of Goliath and how I had slung the stone. I told him the whole short tale of my shepherd life; and he heard it eagerly, for there had lighted in his deep, dark eyes the light of a love that shone upon me till the light of his life was darkness, till he fell on the bloody slopes of Gilboa.

"Ah, Jonathan, Joathan, thou shouldst have been king; not I.

"For he *was* king, my children. King by blood and king by his father's favor. Saul loved him with a father's, with a king's love and hope. Through all these years, after all this life of experience, I cannot yet tell why I was chosen over Jonathan; unless he was too pure, too noble, too true a man to be a king. Yet all of this a king should be—should be. Ah, how far short your king has come!

"But greater mystery than this, than all, save the mystery of the love of our God, was the love of Jonathan for me. Love knows no cost, no sacrifice. It is the sum of all wealth; more than all joy; the only human possession that is fairer, richer, sweeter, realer than our dreams.

"Jonathan loved me—loved me when he saw me destined to wear his crown, to rule his kingdom, to receive the homage of his people, and the glory of border nations that was his. Saul also saw that I was chosen; and he carried a javelin for my heart.

"We made a covenant that day at Elah to deal kindly one with the other, before the Lord. How much it meant I little knew; nor he how much his oath would cost!

"Jonathan had made me captain and the king, for he loved him, was gracious, and gave me a command in the field. The soldiers hailed me. I had slain Goliath; alone I had put one Philistine army to flight, and I was accepted as

leader with the wildest, fiercest faith. Strange tales concerning me, moreover, spread through the enemies' camps; tales that brought panic and dread. 'Tis small wonder that victory followed victory till my name was upon every tongue; till what Saul dreamed might be, seemed almost in a day accomplished. He hated me from the first in his heart. Something occurred on our return from the wars that brought his feelings to the open.

#### Saul Aroused to Jealousy.

"We were approaching Jerusalem with Saul at our head, when the women of the city came out to meet us, singing and dancing. It was the King's war and the King's victory and the praise should have been his, no matter what captain led the charge. But above the sounds of the cymbals, the tablets and harps I heard and the King heard, over and over:

*'Saul hath slain his thousands,  
And David his ten thousands.'*

sung by a thousand throats, a constantly repeated refrain.

"I was ashamed, and fell behind, where I could not see the rage and jealousy that blackened the King's face.

"On the morrow the King sent for me to come with my harp and play before him. I knew the evil spirit had come upon him. At such times anger drove him mad; he lost reason; he neither ate nor slept nor spake until the madness wore itself out and left him like a babe. Again and again I had broken the spell with my harp; for I had caught a strain from the hills that even a lean and famished wolf would wait to hear.

"He was sitting with his face upon his breast; his great hands knotted; his head uncovered; crowned; his robe about his feet. At his side hung a sword; and leaning against the seat at the opposite side, with its sharp point on the floor, stood a javelin. If he knew, he gave no sign, as I entered the gloomy room.



"I had never seen him so fearful, so brutish with frenzy. Seating myself upon a low bench near, I touched the harp. A note from the far away, a chord out of the heart of childhood, floated through the room. It was the strain of the hills, that something from the twilight and the flock-in-fold that had breathed across the strings. I had seen it steal, before this, through his darkened soul like a ray of light through a shuttered hall. But not this time.

"Slowly the huge head rose as I played till the blood-shot eyes burned through the gloom upon me. He thought me rapt, that I did not see his hand slipping stealthily down the javelin shaft. But he was the mad one, not I; and an instant later when the heavy spear sank half its head's length in the wall my head was not pinned with it. I bent as he hurled, and the javelin grazed my neck. My fingers never paused nor missed a note. Indeed the danger, the narrow chance of life, was like a wild waking in me and passed, a soul of fire, into my harp.

"Murder, terror, wonder flashed and fled from the staring eyes of the King. It was not at me, but at the harp he glared, as I have seen a leopard glare when suddenly fixed by the terror of human eyes. He would have backed away from the thing had he dared. I played on; and when again the royal face, all working with hate and shame, fell forward and he did not see, I passed softly from his presence, leaving my harp hanging on the shaft of the javelin in the wall.

"That was the beginning of the long and bitter struggle between me and the King in which he sought to save the throne to Jonathan, but which the strange deep love of Jonathan continually thwarted.

#### **Surrounded by Treachery.**

"I told no one of the King's javelin; but Jonathan, coming into the chamber soon after, seeing my harps upon the javelin shaft and the King sunk in the stupor

of his madness, was quick to understand.

"Yet the King kept his council. He knew of the love and the covenant between us; and he feared to test the loyalty of Jonathan even by the bribe of a throne. So he began secretly to plot my destruction. I was sent upon hazardous expeditions, was left in the field without support, was promised his daughter to wife for an almost impossible feat. But I won the wife. I came out of every difficulty stronger, surer, more feared and hated by the King.

"Failing to compass the end by strategy and treachery, he finally called Jonathan, together with all the spies and courtiers, told them that I was plotting for the throne and commanded them to slay me secretly by any means.

"In the evening that day Jonathan and I walked alone to the valley of Jehoshaphat, where he told me what Saul had done. I was expecting it. My heart was heavy for Jonathan. There was little to fear in the camp; never were warriors more loyal than these to me. At a word they even would have followed me in revolt. But Jonathan was a prince and son. A kingdom could not have tempted his love to treachery; but he had rather lose his life than disobey his father's and his King's command.

"Whether that night or indeed whether he ever felt that I was to be King in his stead, I am not sure. I think he did; though he never uttered such a thought to me. And, indeed, it was long after that night before I saw that my steps were toward the throne. Samuel, the priest, had poured the horn of oil upon my head, I know, and hopes and dreams had filled the hills with beauty ever since; but not one dream of crowns and purple robes and palaces among them! Only the sweeter dreams of song.

"It was Jonathan, that night as always, who planned to shield me. He would plead with the King to revoke the command and restore me to his presence and

favor. Saul was easily persuaded; he was rarely right and seldom had the strength of a real conviction. A few days later Jonathan brought me from the tents unto his father, who bade me come at twilight with my harp and play to him as before.

#### **New Honors and New Perils.**

"So all was well again until another war broke out, and more honors came to me. Then Saul's suspicion and jealousy were stirred once more, and one night as I was playing, he was seized with the madness and cast another javelin at me.

"I was off my guard, and so close was the escape that I fled, vowing never to see him again. Indeed I came near to having no other chance; for spies were put after me, and a band of murderers to fetch me—dead if they could not bring me alive for the King to kill.

"It was his own daughter, Michal, that thwarted him this time. She was as true a wife to me as Jonathan was a brother. The cunning dummy that she fixed in my bed, served so well for the sick captain, that I was far on the road to Naioth, in Ramah, before the fools returned with their sorry tale to the King.

"He pursued me thither, and finally, beside himself at the failure of every band to take me, he started himself. But here the evil spirit came upon him so that he went insane for a time and lay all day and all night naked and mad before Samuel, who he had thought was shielding me. Meantime I had returned to the wild hills about Jerusalem to see Jonathan. I was weary of being hunted, of not knowing who were friends or foes, of my position as captain in one camp of the King and as outlaw, on whose head a price was set, in the other camps. I should know once for all whether the King would have me fight henceforth, for him or against him.

"What have I done? What is my iniquity, my sin before your father that he seeks my life?"

"I can see the sorrow in his sensitive face even yet. It was yonder in the garden, in the early twilight, and a dove was cooing in the mellow distance as this one in the garden now.

"God forbid; you shall not die; my father will do nothing but that he will show it to me. He will not hide this from me. Will you trust me?"

"But he knows that you love me. He will not grieve you unto this. Yet truly as the Lord liveth there is but a step between me and death."

"David," he answered, "whatever your soul desires, I will do it for you."

"Behold," I said, "to-morrow is the new moon and I should not fail to sit with the King at meat, but let me go and hide myself in the field until the evening of the third day of the feast. If your father at all miss me, then tell him that I asked your leave to run to Bethlehem, my city, to attend a sacrifice for all my family. If he is not displeased it will mean peace; but if he be very wroth, then be sure that he has determined evil against me. Deal kindly with me for you have brought me into a covenant with you before the Lord. But if iniquity be in me slay me yourself. Why bring me to your father?"

"Far be it from me, David. If I knew that evil were determined by my father against you would I not tell you? Have I not told you?"

"And taking my arm he added: 'Come, let us go out into the fields?'"

#### **Jonathan's Prayer.**

"We went on down the valley to the Kedron. There in the silent starlight upon a rock by the murmuring stream the Prince of the House of Saul prayed.

"O Lord God of Israel, when I have reached my father, if there be good toward David and I send not unto him and show it to him, then Thou O Lord, do so and much more to Jonathan. But if there be evil toward him then will I show

him, and send him away that he may go in peace. And Thou O Lord be with him, as Thou hast been with my father. And he shall not only while I yet live show me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not; but he shall not cut off his kindness from my house forever, no, not when Thou O Lord hast cut off the enemies of David everyone from the earth.'

"It was that prayer by the Kedron which has always made me feel he knew, at least, what his love might cost.

"There that night we renewed our covenant; and Jonathan fixed a plan for informing me concerning the King without himself betraying my hiding place.

"I was to go on the evening of the third day of new moon to the stone Ezel. He was to come in the morning of the next day and shoot three arrows past the stone as if he shot at a mark. He was to send a lad after them and command him so that I could hear. If he told the lad the arrows were on his right or left, it meant peace and I could come to the city; if he said they were beyond him, it meant danger, and I must depart.

"As he left me that night he looked into my eyes and said:

"'Touching the matter which you and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between you and me forever.'

"The three days of waiting were full of danger and full of weary, dragging hours. It was not till long afterward that I heard all that happened in the palace during those three days: How Saul demanded me and was told by Jonathan I had been excused to go to Bethlehem. Jonathan would not tell me that his father had risen in his anger, hissing: 'Thou son of the perverse, rebellious woman, do I not know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion, and to the confusion of thy mother's nakedness? For as long as he liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established,

nor thy Kingdom. Fetch him unto me, for he shall die?'

"Nor could he tell me that the King finished speaking with hurling a javelin at him.

#### **Beside the Rock Ezel.**

"On the morning of the appointed day he came with the lad to the rock Ezel. The three arrows flew past. I listened breathless. Clear and plain, but with a break of pain in his voice that hurt me deeper than the danger in the words, he called, as the lad came opposite the rock: 'Is not the arrow beyond thee?'

"The three were quickly gathered and the unsuspecting lad sent back to the city. I watched him out of sight, then arose in the presence of my more than brother.

"I could not look upon him, but fell on my face to the ground. He raised me and kissed me, his tears mingling with mine.

"Calming himself he said: 'Go in peace, my brother; forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee and between my seed and thy seed forever.'

"And he watched me till the hills shut in between, till I was far on my way to Nob—the way that at the last led me back to Jerusalem, to his throne, his kingdom and the glory that was his.

"It was our last farewell. When I stood by the stone Ezel again, he slept, with the King, his father, under the shadows of the oak at Jabesh."

He ceased.

Through the window the moonlight fell upon him, its mellow glory kindling in his dreaming eyes to a halo that shone about his noble face till it seemed transfigured — beautiful, dreamful, rapt, divine! The breeze had quickened to a sigh in the garden trees, the birds were sleeping; the young lovers who had listened, sat silent, waiting.

The harp of the King, the harp that

the shepherd boy had played to Saul,  
stood by his side. His hand had been  
hanging idly by the strings. Soon a  
note, as soft and sweet as the moonlight,  
filled the room. He drew the old harp  
so close to his heart, and gazing far out  
into the night, out toward the valley  
and the mountains he sang:

"Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy  
high places!

How are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath,

Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon;

Lest the daughters of the Philistines  
rejoice,

Lest the daughters of the uncircum-  
cised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa,

Let there be no dew nor rain upon  
you, neither fields of offerings:

For there the shield of the mighty  
was defiled,

Thé shield of Saul, as of one not an-  
ointed.

From the blood of the slain, from the  
fat of the mighty

The bow of Jonathan turned not back,  
And the sword of Saul returned not  
empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and  
pleasant in their lives,

And in their death they were not di-  
vided.

They were swifter than eagles.

They were stronger than lions.

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul

Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,

Who put ornaments of gold upon your  
apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst  
of the battle!

Jonathan is slain upon thy high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother

Jonathan:

Very pleasant hast thou been unto me.

Thy love to me was wonderful,

Passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen,

And the weapons of war perished!"

Silence fell again, and the moon-  
light, with the wind whispering in the  
trees.

## The Telegraph Wire

(From "The Rhymes of Ironquill")

West from the boiling Missouri, turbid with pulverized granite,  
West o'er the orchards and farms asleep in the hammock of autumn,  
West o'er the upland uprising, russet with wheatland close-shaven,  
West o'er the yellowish shales and scattering prairie-dog cities.

Why in the moonlight, O wire, so sadly, so constantly moaning?  
Brightly in Argentine's smelters murmurous crucibles bubble;  
Proudly uprears in Topeka the bronze of the dome and the tholus;  
Gaily Pueblo appears with rolling-mills crowning the mesa.

"Come O my brother, come back; our mother is grieving and dying."

"Come, O my lover, come back, and I, if you come, will forgive you."

"Come, O my Daughter, come back; I wait, and must live till I see you."

"Come, O my husband, come back; the past, if you come, is forgotten."

Moan on, O wire; you are bearing burdens of hearts that are breaking;  
Kindly the zephyrs of Kansas absorb your aeolian sorrow.

Listening, listening long, the prairie dog goes to his burrow,

Telling the owl and the snake the woes of the gods and their sadness.

*E. F. Ware*

## Phases of the World's Affairs

### THE SOUTH'S GREAT COTTON CROP OF 1901

By J. M. LEVEQUE

Editor of "Harlequin," New Orleans.

**S**OUTHERN SAMBO smiles broadly when the watermelon thrives, "and does you know, boss, I seldom seed a fine watermelon crop 'dout de cotton's t'iving fine." I cannot vouch for the verity of this observation of a certain sable philosopher, but typical Southern darkies, who love the field, are of one mind on the point.

Know then that the watermelon must have "hung high" this last year, for when was there ever such a cotton year!

Out of the loins of Mother Earth hope sprung new born again. The mortgage and the miser were given a terrific jolt. The planter once again holds up his head as if he did not feel that an excuse and

an apology were due the world for his being. The mocking bird's note is sweeter and clearer to his ear and there seems to be actually a God in the skies.

An increase of total output, an increase in price, sharp, pronounced and well sustained. Think of a vast industry springing up from \$38.55 per bale one year to \$47.63 per bale next. Think of a total increase in the standard industry of a vast section of country of \$130,782,729! Look at the figures of the last three years and see the reason of the South's great boom. A total of 10,383,422 bales in 1900-1901 sold for \$494,567,549; a total of 9,436,416 bales, the year previous, for \$363,784,820. The year before (1898-1899) yielded the enormous output of 11,274,840 bales, yet this brought but \$282,772,987.

The student is more interested in the humble ciphering of the individual toiler, however, than in these vast figures. That

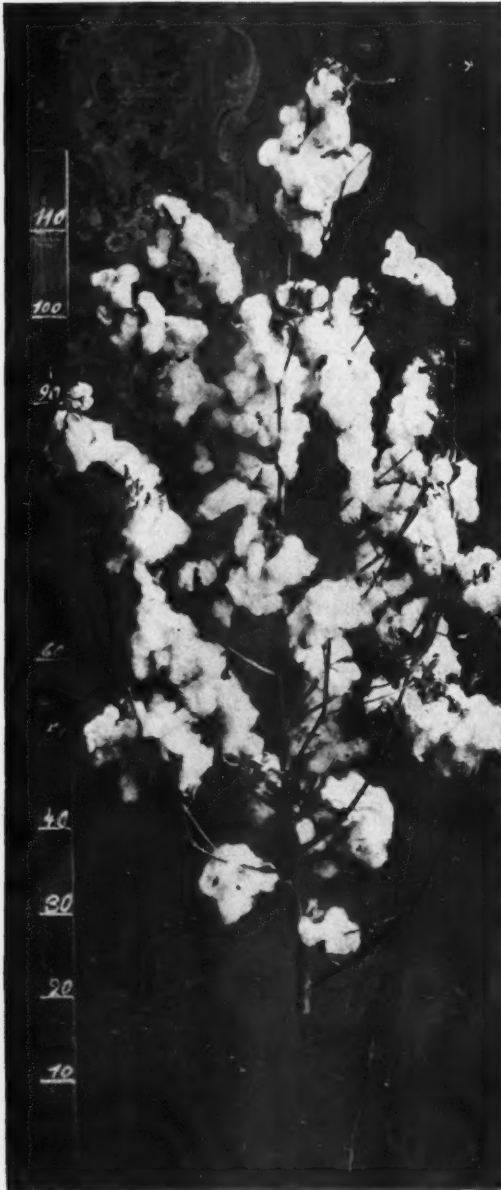
NEGRO FIELD HANDS HOEING THE YOUNG PLANTS





honest Tom is receiving \$47.63 per bale only received \$38.55 the year before and for his cotton this last season, whereas he a yet more miserly \$28.62 the previous year

COTTON PLANT IN BLOOM. ITS THRIFTY APPEARANCE AN INDEX OF THE CROP OF 1901



means that the children will go to school, well shod and well clothed, and progress in the direction of true intelligent American citizenship; it means that the "sto'" account will be met; it means that Mr. Usurer's coffers will find less want to grind and pinch; it means the consciousness of returns for honest hard labor; it means more money to use in the development of human ambitions and hopes, great and small; it means contentment, a consequent decrease of crime and the vim and ginger of high hope, the quality which is responsible for everything noble and great man has ever constructed on this bank and shoal of time.

#### The South Prosperous

The South prosperous — more prosperous than it has ever been since the war, more prosperous than it has ever been in history, for how shall we call that prosperity which is heaped up by the slave-toiler for the master-idler! The South more prosperous than it has ever been in history! The splendid, generous, glorious South, the bounty of whose great heart has always been so much greater than its purse. Kind and sweet as its soft winds, how long has its hard toil rested under the reproach of poverty!

Nowhere in the world is there so vast a territory courting the smile of nature, dreading her frown, praying the good halting of the wheel of chance; for, as I have shown above, a ten million bale crop might have meant increased mortgages, greater privation—suppose the market had dropped down to \$28 a bale! But, “coming on the heels of a depleted supply amounting practically to famine the world over, the production has sold for a good round price, bringing to the South, in dollars, more than any other crop on record, and this, notwithstanding the yield was larger than generally anticipated.” Thus, Henry G. Hester, secretary of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, the Moses of the great industry, speaking on a basis of figures compiled with the very refinement of comprehensive accuracy.

A suggestion which will naturally grow out of what I have just said is on the lips of every fertile mind reading this: “Why should the South depend so entirely on the fleecy staple? Why not emulate the grain-growing districts and

raise all that’s needed?”

Perhaps this is a wise suggestion which will in time materialize when more intelligence accompanies the brawn which wields the hoe and steadies the thumping plow-shares. Teetotalism among Kentucky moonshiners is not a ranker heresy now, however. I remember having my advocacy of it cooled in a very simple way at a time when I flashed “Diversity of Crops” almost weekly in the world-centre weekly I was then conducting in Texas. Riding by the home of an old darkey, whose thrift had acquired a piece of ground and a cabin, I reined up as “Uncle” was reaching the end of a row.

“Uncle, do you raise your own hogs and poultry?”

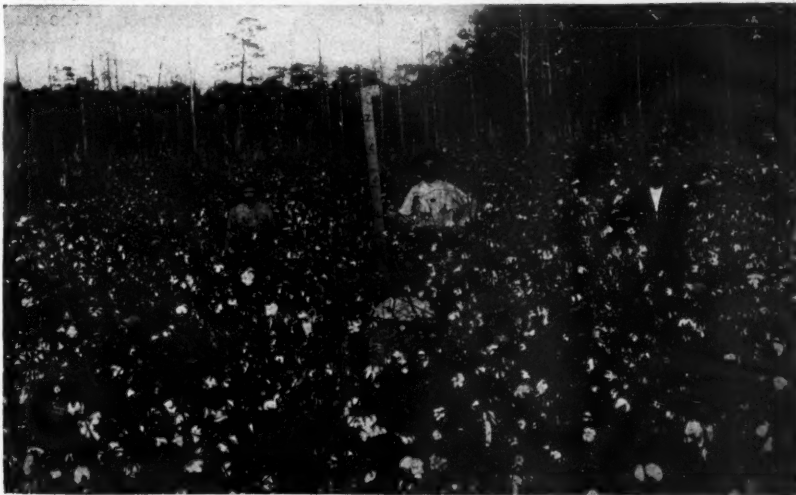
“Some little, boss, fer C’rismas time.”

“Grow a garden?”

“Lawd, boss, what time I got monkey-ing wid a garden wid dis hyar cotton a-gro’in’!”

“But if you raised all these things, your cotton would be profit at the end of the year.”

**PROOF THAT INTELLIGENT WHITE LABOR HAS A PLACE IN COTTON GROWING, DESPITE THE WIDELY HERALDED “CHEAP NEGRO LABOR.”**



"But what would become of my credit, boss? Can't get groceries on hawgs and gardenin'. You see dis hyar is ma bank

There is an infamous doctrine, too, which has in part been responsible for this one-sided industrial development.

LOCAL COTTON MARKET IN AN INLAND TOWN



account," said he pointing to his cotton.

And so it is. His philosophy may have been short-sighted. It may in time be overturned. But to-day it stands a veritable Gibraltar. At first blush, too, it seems marvelous when we reflect how benignly dear Nature smiles on all man's efforts in this glorious land of semi-tropical luxuriance. There is however, a factor at work which will ultimately overturn the system and upset upon this section all the bounty of Nature's cornucopia. How "Uncle" would hold his laughter-ridden sides if I mentioned such a thing to him! The factor is at work in industrial schools which are dotting every state in the South, in the normal schools which are sending out teachers for the children of the masses—the factor which will place reason above tradition and establish the living above the dead; reason which has over-ridden all the superstition of the world and will one day spread the beams of its light over all humanity.

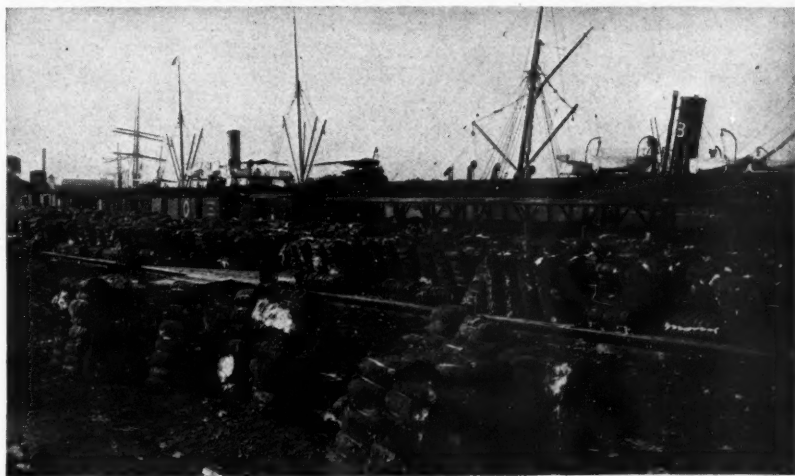
It is that the white lad cannot endure the work of the cotton field as well as the colored worker. This is entirely untrue, despite any statement to the contrary. It is to-day daily given the lie. Yet it has served to relegate to the fields and the culture of our greatest product the most illiterate portion of our population and, by reason of race prejudice, made the cotton field and labor therein subject to a certain sort of inexplicable degradation, infamous because of its lack-reason, its inherent baseness.

There is no field industry in the world more beautiful. Men who have devoted any portion of their lives to it, be they black or white, can as easily quit it as an old sea-dog the sea. It is interesting at every process of its development, from the time the ground is "broken" to the final merry-making in the gin and press rooms " 'roun' C'ris'mas time" when the very last bales are ginned. It is the most substantial industry in the world and "Uncle" was entirely accurate in al-

luding to his ungrown "stand" as his bank. It is bankable before the seed bursts into the modest little sprout which peeps shyly above the ground, in time to wax into a sturdy stalk and as the autumn creeps on apace to become white with o'erfilled bowls. What millionaire enjoys his luncheon with the relish of the sturdy fellow who has been following the plow until high noon and pauses beneath the immense sycamore in the middle of the field to take his rough and wholesome meal! What sturdy sinews of health and happiness and strength are

work is ever about the outcome, what greater certainty has human toil than is represented by the chap with the great bag swung round his shoulder and trailing on the brown earth, two busy hands among the white open bowls with ambidexterity plucking shekels from old, generous Nature; for these *are* shekels he is putting into this bag, as negotiable, though in the shape of fleecy, snowy staple, as yellow ore; assayed as to its fineness, if you please; subject to market fluctuations—but never, never remaining a "drug" on the market; *always* in de-

ON THE DOCKS AT A COTTON SHIPPING PORT



built up in the chopping out process, when the seeds sown with lavish hands along the heaped-up rows burst above ground like long parades of lilliputian regiments dressed in green, too thick for later comfort if all are allowed to grow. Who has more respite when the rainy season comes for the profane games of euchre, casino and seven-up with his friends—when the evolution comes about it will be *books*,—mark it, ye makers of books and periodicals who even yet complain, and maybe rightly, that the vast body of Americans do not read. And when the anxiety which accompanies the

mand. Then the carting to the barn, wherein let no one dare sleep—for one as naked as Adam would be suspected of having a match on his person if he slept in this powder magazine. Thence to the gin and immediately thereafter to the cotton press—not the monster power which re-crushes the bales from the plantation presses for the ships' holds. This process comes later, in the big ports where Americans send their products abroad to be made into finished goods which they re-buy, a single flake thus often making a nonsensical journey of several thousand miles and back again

before it subserves the end for which it was actually grown—man's physical needs. Of this later.

#### All Because Nature Smiles

At this season of the year when publications innumerable are teeming with cotton statistics, it would seem almost a crime to occupy precious space and the more precious attention of the reader with statistics. Figures mean nothing except to those directly concerned. A bull or a bear on the Cotton Exchange would not do the same sort of figuring as an industrial editor, and the lady on the shopping tour will not figure at all. She does know that there seems to be more money coming into the household, unless hubby be a wage earner, and even then that his services are more in demand, that there is more work. And the dullest of us of the South to-day know that "Cotton is again King"—that the imperial master has again arrived and that "the goose hangs high." We do know that, as a consequence, the vast land is thrilling with new hope and pulsating with the energy of revived ambi-

tions. We do know that this cheeriness and enthusiasm is infectious and singularly inviting and we do know that never before has our brother of the North, who has held the money end of the string since the fortunes of war turned his way, is coming down among us in larger number than ever before in history, and we do know that he is finding a "mighty warm" and cordial welcome and we do know that we are singularly alike and brotherly for all that may be said of the difference of sections. All this because Nature smiled just enough on us at a time when the world needed the smile. And all this is much. For every such Northerner who comes here, primarily induced by the prosperity of this standard great industry, although he may not trace the cause to its source—for every such acquisition there is a steel band additionally knitting together North and South. The new comer sees an immense vista of possibilities, undeveloped, awaiting the magic wand of that co-operation enabled by capital. He sees it more clearly than any of his new acquaintances, cramped, as they

A RELIC OF DAYS PAST: A FAMILY WEAVING COTTON CLOTH ON A CRUDE LOOM, WITH THE HELP OF LITTLE CHILDREN.





have been, for the means of development. And the development is coming.

But I would not serve the best purpose

the finished product, might it not be possible, barely possible, that there is at least an element of chance that we could

EVENTIDE

By H. A. Lattmer, Boston, Mass.



of this article if I failed to develop one point heretofore alluded to—the journey of the staple to foreign ports before it comes back to us a finished product. As to how much of this prevails in all the lines of producing South, it is not the province of this article to inquire. Of the total supply of almost ten and a half million bales in the United States for 1900-1901, there were taken by spinners in the Southern states but 1,620,931 and by Northern spinners 1,967,931 bales, 6,883,053 being exported, exclusive of what was sent to Canada (a small quantity) and the small quantity stock. Sometime ago a party of English spinners investigated this port of New Orleans to determine the conditions for spinning here, and, if I remember correctly, they pronounced them equal to any in the world. If our brothers abroad can profitably buy the raw article from us and make it into

do some finishing to advantage here, especially with the cost of the journey abroad saved? Are the advocates of the plan of finishing the production where the article is reared altogether insane? *En passant*, our English visitors, who were experts, did not think so.

#### FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA

By CHARLES W. HEARN

President-elect, New England Association

FOR more than a score of years America has enjoyed—almost undisputed—the distinction of leading the world in the excellence of its portrait photography, while Europe has laid claim to superiority for its architectural and landscape work. These claims have on either side been singularly free from

any international jealousies; and, when reason for this general acceptance of the circumstances are reviewed, the the situation, is at once apparent.

PORTRAIT

*By Simon L. Stein, Milwaukee, Wis.*



Among portraitists the world over, common consent early gave to the late Napoleon Sarony of New York, the title of the "Peer of Portrait Artists." He came into notice in the days which followed the passing of the daguerreotype and ambrotype, into the commencement

of the paper-o-graph, or photograph, and with his high rank as an artist previous and subsequent to his entrance into photography, aided by his marked personality, he at once became conspicuous, and soon became a "beacon light" of artistic photography the world over; a

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST DARIUS COBB

*By Morris Burke Parkinson, Boston, Mass.*



distinction he enjoyed to the day of his death. Beside Mr. Sarony, there were others in this country and Canada who also had international reputation, all of which served to accomplish this end. The inspiration of the work of these men developed and continued to bring out the best talent to be found in a wide awake

and progressive people such as ours.

With the inevitable improvements in the mechanical and scientific branches of the profession, the art side has advanced with great strides, so that at the present day photography is considered, and deservedly so, one of the fine arts.

As an illustration of this, the Museum

*JUST A BOY Etching, Lytril Process. 'By Julius Strauss, St. Louis, Mo.*



of Fine Arts, Boston, one of the most prominent in the country, recently extended an invitation to the Photographers Association of New England, which was accepted, to display on its walls the principal pictures of the association's salon of 1901.

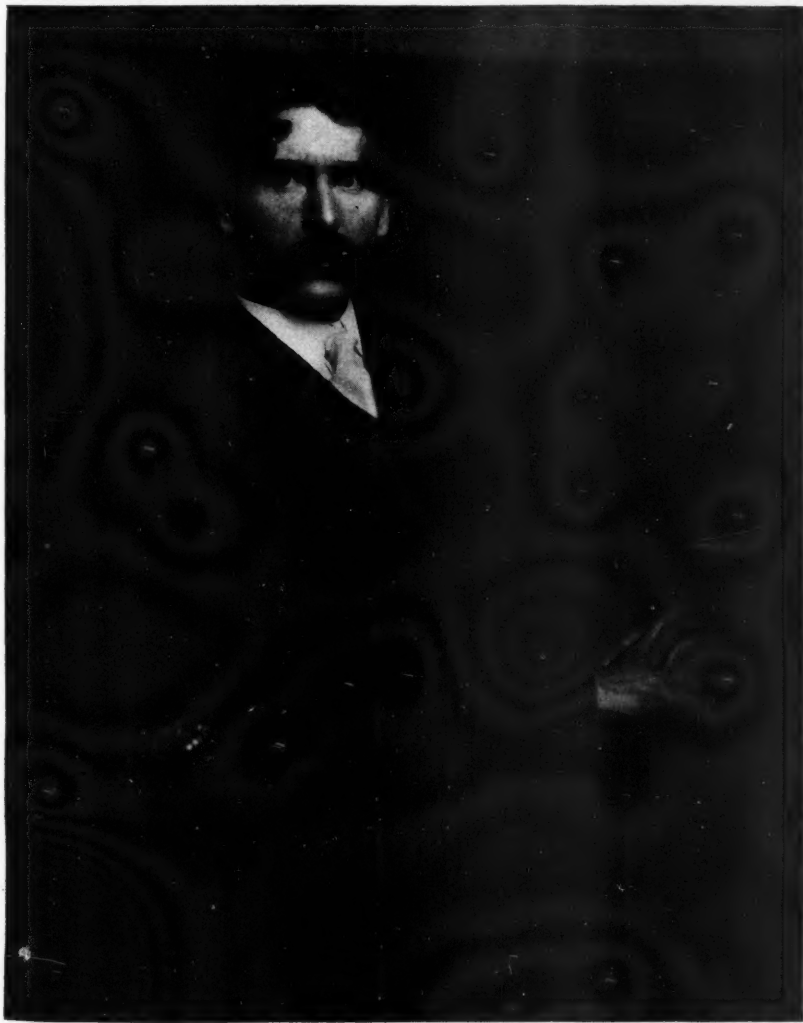
The excellence of architectural and landscape photography in the old world is due to the fact that hundreds and thousands of years of strenuous times had yielded countless treasures in historical scenes in every part of the continent. The countries of Europe, enriched with many magnificent ruins and countless new masterpieces constantly produced under the spur of religious and political upheavals, were permeated with the atmosphere of art, handed down and absorbed in the soul of even the humblest peasants. The grand masters instilled into every breast a natural love for art. With opportunities so rich all around them, it is not strange that with the development of photography there should spring into its ranks instantly a class of men of high artistic temperament, whose work of love in perpetuating the

stories of the past, also built up for themselves a more noble and refined personality. The country had the scenes,

with an art instinct; for be it understood that even in photographing ruins, landscapes or marines, there is as much room

PORTRAIT OF SETON-THOMPSON

By H. Scherzee, Worcester, Mass.



the richness and grandeur of its history was bred in its people, and so we see in every foreign view, made even by the humblest devotee of our calling in those countries, that it has been reproduced

for art feeling as there is in the most exquisite portrait ever made.

Art photography in America has made rapid strides in recent years, and although the professional photographers, as a class,



have been inclined to decry the work of the amateur, they now feel that much of the art's recent growth is due to the efforts of the better class of this army of followers, who, out of love for their work, have been ever zealous in its pursuit. And they have, by their success in this direction, commanded the respect of the better and broader minded of the professionals. The successful amateurs are mainly recruits from the ranks of other

our products being mainly mechanical reproductions of an image set before the camera, that optics and chemistry enabled us to place eventually upon paper. They were, in fact, better *likenesses* than the painters could produce, much to their chagrin; but, in too many cases, that was their only claim to art. Since those days, art in photography is achieved all over the country, and the mere mechanical photographer is fast being relegated

COMING HOME BEFORE THE STORM

By George E. Tangley, Mystic, Conn.



professions, and from people of artistic tendencies.

Photography, as a whole, up to a dozen years ago, had never received, even in the slightest degree, recognition as an art from the average good artist of the brush, although we have been more favored in other directions. This, at the time, we thought unwarranted, although since, as we have progressed, we have seen more of the justice of their views. Our work at that time was mainly excessive sharpness, crude notions at best of composition and drawing, and worse lighting;

to the rear. The ever discriminating public, becoming more exacting on art lines, as a result of their own increasing culture, have been our guarantors in changing our former ideas, and at the same time have urged us onward.

During recent years our visits to art galleries have been more frequent, paintings and drawings were studied, artists and art critics were welcomed to our conventions, and as our knowledge of art increased, we sought after effects that before were considered as undesirable from a strictly photographic standard as handed

down to us by our honored predecessors.

A new school of photography has sprung up, which, in brief, aims to produce art pictures, whereas, before, plain photography with all its sharpness and absolute detail was our ideal. A radical departure in the principles of lighting, with its consequent changes in the results, has started us in another direction

which tends toward, rather than away from, true art results, as indicated in the world's famous paintings, which now are our guides as they are to the art students everywhere. In our first steps in this direction, we, like the child, continually stumbled and fell, but hope soon to be able to overcome this and do better.

With our "change of heart" we have

NEARING THE HAVEN

Copyright, 1901, by George H. Van Norman, Springfield, Mass.



found manifested on every side the nobleness of "our friend the enemy"—the artist—who was once our *bête noir*, but who now extends the glad hand of welcome. To-day, hand in hand, like Darby and Joan, we trudge along, each visiting the other's studios, admiring art

PORTRAIT

By D. D. Spellman, Detroit, Mich.



wherever seen, with the true fellowship of *bon vivants*.

All over America are photographic associations which meet once a year and are organized for the advancement of photography as well as for social and educational purposes. The parent—The Photographers Association of America—recently held its annual convention

at Detroit. Next year it will be held at Buffalo. Beside various state associations, the New England states are joined together in one association. Rarely has there been seen, except at the recent national convention, such a magnificent collection of art photography as was gathered at this New England convention, held at Boston, August 27 to 30, 1901. Beside the exhibits from our New England members, which were numerous (and, we are pleased to state, of a standard equal to that of the rest of the country) we were honored with exhibits from eleven outside states—from the far and middle West, as well as from the South and East; in many cases artists who sent their exhibits from these distant points were also our guests.

Out of this collection of several hundred pictures, competent painters and art critics selected fifty-one as worthy of the highest honors; these, in consequence, are destined by our association for our permanent Salon. The excellence of the collection as a whole is at once apparent, when such a large number of pictures are found possessing the Salon degree of artistic merit.

In the pictures here reproduced, we think it only fair to the artists who made them to state that, whereas the half tone work here presented is indeed excellent, the original pictures in almost every instance, are much better. It seems to be impossible to reproduce in a half tone certain "values" in the relation they bear to each other in the originals.

We regret that, in the limited space allotted us, only a few of these pictures can be shown; but, embracing all varieties of work, they will give the reader a very fair example of art photography in America, as represented in the Salon of The Photographers Association of New England. The art-loving public of Boston testified its approval of the Museum management's course by visiting the Salon exhibit and expressing the keenest

pleasure in the pictures. In his work Van Norman, President of the Photographers' Association of New England "Nearing the Dawn," Mr. George H.

PORTRAIT

By Clarence H. Hays, Detroit, Mich.



for 1901, has made a picture which was successful of these exhibits, not only at very generally considered to be the most our New England, but also at the

PORTRAIT

*By A. T. Proctor, Huntington, W. Va.*





National Association Convention recently held at Detroit. On account of this merit, it enjoys the distinction of being sent to the various state conventions for exhibition during the coming year, till it in turn is replaced with another picture from our New England exhibits next year, as the best for that year. As each state organization does this, the Inter-State exhibit shows us the best picture exhibited every year in each convention, and gives us all lines on work made in various parts of the country.

It would be a pleasant duty to dwell at length on the work shown in our Salon by our distinguished guests in other sections of the country—Messrs. Stein, of Milwaukee; Dwyer, of Illinois; Strauss, of St. Louis; Proctor of West Virginia; Towles, of Maryland; Hayes, Spellman, Arthur and Huntington & Clark, of Detroit; Eichemeyer and Hoyt of New York; Kelmer and Holden, of Pennsylvania—but the limitations of space forbid it.

In the list here given of the number of pictures by each exhibitor accepted for honors, the writer deems it just to state that no comparison should be drawn from the number accepted as to relative values of the exhibits. In some instances the exhibitor had only one or two pictures entered; others had three or four; whereas there were a few persons who were disposed to help the exhibition along, at some considerable trouble and expense to themselves, by making a large exhibit, even when they knew that there were only a few gems in their lists. On this account they should receive no less credit, because they had only a few honored out of a larger collection than others who had all from a carefully selected small exhibit. The association feels that equal credit is due to all pictures sent and honored, whether reproduced in this article or not. The following is a complete list of artists whose pic-

tures were hung in the Salon, with the number of their pictures so honored:

George H. Van Norman (also Inter-State) Springfield, Mass.	1
Simon L. Stein, Milwaukee, Wis.	3
Will H. Towles, Cumberland, Md.	1
A. Marshall, Boston, Mass.	1
A. T. Proctor, Huntington, W. Va.	1
Wm. B. Dyer, Chicago, Ill.	1
Henry H. Pierce, Providence, R. I.	2
Morris Burke Parkinson, Boston, Mass.	3
Charles W. Hearn, Boston, Mass.	3
Will Armstrong (Conly Studio) Boston, Mass.	3
H. A. Latimer, Boston, Mass.	5
Lee Rollinson, Cambridge, Mass.	1
Wm. H. Partridge, Boston, Mass.	3
John H. Garo, Boston, Mass.	1
W. G. C. Kimball, Concord, H. H.	2
E. G. Merrill, Salem, Mass.	1
Franz Geisler, Hartford, Conn.	1
Julius Strauss, St. Louis, Mo.	2
Brookline Art Union, Brookline, Mass.	1
C. A. Johnstone, Hartford, Conn.	1
H. Schervee, Worcester, Mass.	2
George E. Tingley, Mystic, Conn.	3
R. Eichemeyer, Jr., New York City	1
D. D. Spellman, Detroit, Mich.	1
Alfred Holden, Philadelphia, Pa.	1
Clarence H. Hayes, Detroit, Mich.	1
J. Will Kelmer, Hazelton, Pa.	2
Huntington & Clark, Detroit, Mich.	1
Dudley Hoyt, Rochester, N. Y.	1
James Arthur, Detroit, Mich.	3
W. E. Marshall, Arlington, Mass.	1
S. M. Holman, Attleboro, Mass.	2
Whitney & Son, Cambridge, Mass.	1

It should be said, in conclusion, that all of the photographs here represented are protected by copyright and cannot be reproduced elsewhere except by express arrangement with their makers. The editor wishes me to direct attention to the fact that two of the Salon pictures reproduced for this article—those of James Arthur and of Huntington & Clark—have been chosen by him for the frontispiece pages of this number.

# The Reckoning

A Story of Mexico Under Maximilian

By MARK LEE LUTHER

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

General Ravenscroft, overwhelmed by the downfall of the Confederacy, is attracted to Mexico in the hope of bettering his fortunes. He is accompanied by his daughter, Mary, and is shortly followed by his young cousin, Tom Sanborn, a civil engineer. The General's dreams of peace and plenty prove chimerical and he finds Maximilian's empire a hornet's nest of dissension. Sanborn, however, obtains employment in the construction of the new railroad from Vera Cruz. Among the new acquaintances of the Americans are Philip Strang, of the Imperial household; Don Hernando de Velasco y Rojas, a Mexican whose foible is his illustrious descent; and Yaabel, his beautiful, but selfish daughter. By Strang's invitation the Americans visit the palace of Chapultepec. In the absence of the Emperor and, by a feminine manoeuvre practised upon Sanborn, Yaabel includes herself with the party. She is discovered rummaging among the Emperor's papers by Strang and is summarily ordered from the palace. The political situation grows more threatening and the Emperor falls under the domination of Father Fischer, an intriguing priest. On learning of the insanity of the Empress, he retires to Orizaba, meditating abdication. Sanborn meets him and at the instance of Strang represents the disquiet he has observed among the people. The Emperor determines to remain in Mexico without the support of the French, and Strang returns to the capital where he accepts an invitation to join the Ravenscrofts at their Christmas dinner. Sanborn develops symptoms of jealousy and seizes himself with the society of the senecita, who begins to view him as an eligible suitor. Shortly after the departure of the French, Strang comes to the Ravenscrofts' in search of Sanborn, who accepts a dangerous mission on behalf of the Emperor. In confiding its details to Molly Sanborn is overheard by Yaabel, who takes steps to defeat him. He is outwitted by her agent, who in turn checks-mated by Strang. Molly, who has refused an offer of marriage from Sanborn, accepts Strang, while the unsuccessful suitor, smarting with double defeat, turns to Yaabel. As the price of her hand he betrays Strang, who has stolen through the lines from the now besieged capital.

## XX.

### *Strang's Errand*

"**B**UT the hazard," remonstrated the General. "You risk being shot down in coming through the lines."

Strang laughed reassuringly.

"Not with the password for the night in my possession," he rejoined.

"The Liberal password," cried the General. "How could you obtain it?"

"*Dos reales*," responded Strang sentimentally.

The veteran threw up his hands.

"And they call themselves soldiers," he said. "What cannot one buy in this country?"

"Don't judge them too harshly. There

are plenty in our own ranks whose palms have the same itching."

"You may be recognized in Tacubaya," expostulated Molly. "Why would you come?"

He smiled into her anxious eyes.

"I wonder," said he.

The General rose as if to leave them, but Strang laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Don't go," he begged. "I haven't long. There is a journey before me. I have come to say goodbye."

"A journey," exclaimed the girl with a note of alarm. "Where are you going?"

"To Querétaro, God willing."

"Through the heart of the enemy's country, and you a well known Imperialist," ejaculated the General. "It is impossible."

"I think not. At all events I must try."

"You bear a message to the Emperor?"

"Yes; a melancholy one."

"From General Marquez?"

"Not from him, but of him. I must carry the news of his perfidy to the Emperor who has trusted him in all things."

"Marquez's perfidy?"

"I have positive information from his own men that he pledged himself to return to Querétaro with reinforcements within twenty days. What has he done, this man who ruffles as if he were Emperor and Maximilian his lackey? Worse than nothing. Three weeks and more have elapsed. Has he enlisted troops? Yes. Has he collected military stores? Yes. Has he raised money? Yes. He has done all these things, but for himself; for the aggrandizement of his avaricious self. Return to Querétaro! He

will never return. Even should his conscience shame him to attempt it, it would be impossible. But he has never meant to return and the Emperor should learn, if indeed he does not already guess, that from this unworthy servant no aid can come. It is time for the Emperor to consider his own welfare and that quickly."

"Is the situation at Querétaro so critical?" inquired the General. "I thought that on his arrival Marquez announced--"

"That all was well?" cried Strang hotly, taking the words from him. "It was a lie; and the balls and rejoicings and fireworks were lies. From his men, not Marquez, have I learned the unwelcome truth. Each day strengthens the chain about Querétaro; each day makes its breaking the harder; yet it must be broken. If Marquez will not go to the Emperor, the Emperor must come to Marquez, and force him to subordinate his greed to his duty. With a united army the Emperor must make his final throw. The issue will be an indecisive victory, or an irretrievable defeat, but if defeat, an honorable defeat. I must somehow get to Querétaro; I must make him see this; he must see it. There are no Father Fischers about him now to prevent me; the bloodsuckers have dropped from him in his adversity. He will listen now and I must persuade him."

They heard him out in silence; Molly listening with whitening cheek, her father pulling at his mustache. Then the older man, slipping his arm in Strang's pressed it, and without speaking went out. As silently the man took the woman in his arms and held her close. He could not see her face.

"Courage," he whispered presently.

She raised her face to his and kissed him.

"I thought you wept," he said.

"I was praying," she answered.

When they spoke again it was of in-

different things; the night, the stillness, a missing button of his coat. Suddenly her arms tightened about him convulsively.

"It is hard," she whispered, "so hard."

"'Loved I not honor more,'" he reminded gently.

"I know, I know," she said. "I would not have you stay, but do you think 'Lucasta' had no heartache when her cavalier had gone? It is the hours upon hours of uncertainty of which I am thinking. There were so many of them in the war with the North. I had hoped that they were at an end in my life."

"And they shall end, I swear it, when you and I are man and wife. There shall be no parting then. This is the last time."

"The last time," she repeated softly. Presently she forced a specious gayety.

"You shall not go forth a knight of sorrowful countenance because of me," she declared. "How much time have you left?"

"Twenty minutes," he answered, glancing at his watch. "It is not yet eleven o'clock. I am to find a horse awaiting me on the outskirts at the half hour."

She went out shortly to return with a tea tray; woman's surest emotional reflex.

"I am not hungry," Strang remonstrated. "I cannot eat a mouthful."

"You may breakfast on a *tortilla*," she reminded, and he yielded.

General Ravenscroft re-entered and they talked constrainedly together as people do who wait upon the clock stroke. Of Strang's journey they said no more, and the General sought to stop the conversational void with bulletins of his garden.

"The apricots are ripening," he said, "and the pomegranates are in flower. You ought to see, too, the rhododendron by the well. It is a fine specimen, though not equal to Don Hernando's. I met Don Hernando in the street to-

day," he added. "He stopped me to talk of his *hacienda*."

"Does he know that there is a war in Mexico?" asked Strang.

The General laughed.

"He did allude to it, I believe, but it is not half so momentous to him as the invasion of some new insect host which is ravaging his crops. He chafes to be off to Cuernavaca, but says that his affairs tie him here."

"Which means his daughter."

"You refer to her dislike of *hacienda* life? She makes it obvious."

"Partly that. But she has a stronger passion than her aversion to the country. It is her thirst for political influence, covert or open. It is that which binds her father to Tacubaya and a manner of life which he can neither relish nor afford."

"Not afford?" The General whistled his surprise. "I thought him of unlimited means. Look at his *hacienda*; look at his villa."

"I will retail you a bit of gossip. His villa is mortgaged for a sum which he can never hope to repay. I had the information from the banker who holds the bond. Some day, not distant, the banker will live at Tacubaya in Don Hernando's stead."

A clock struck and Strang rose at once, drawing his cloak about him.

"I will return as I came, by the lane," he said and pressed the General's hand. "Go with me as far as the garden, Molly," he entreated wistfully.

"I meant to," she smiled.

Presently he walked slowly down the odorous pathway alone. At the garden's end he stood for an instant with his eyes turned toward the house. Back there in the darkness it might be that she was standing yet. Then he resolutely set his face to confront the work which lay to his hand. He had come in by scaling the wall; he meant to pass out by the gate whose lock could be sprung from

within. His hand fairly upon the iron, there came to his ear a low murmur from the lane; then stealthy footfalls shuffled by and lost themselves in the stillness. He cautiously drew back from the gate and, choosing a spot where a huge-limbed cypress with long festoons of Spanish moss made the dusk yet darker he noiselessly raised himself above the wall. As he watched the footfalls came again and the muffled figure of a man passed in the gloom and shambled down the lane. At the patch of moonlight where the by-way joined the street he paused and Strang saw him for what he was. Rifle on shoulder, cartridge-box dangling below a ragged *zarape*, loose flapping nether garments, sandaled feet, military carriage none—the man was unmistakably one of the Liberal rank and file. At the lane's end he was met by a second Mexican, the counterpart of his tatterdemalion self. Then they separated and the first soldier paced back up the lane, passed under Strang's crouched figure on the cypress limb, and so went on into the darkness. In a moment came the sound which had first startled him and Strang knew that the sentinel talked with yet another—the third. He slipped quietly back into the garden and crossed to a point midway in the wall which bounded the side street. Again reconnoitering from the coping, he saw what he had apprehended; the entire stretch of wall was patrolled. He slowly retraced his way to the house and, entering the *patio*, found the General yet astir.

"Don't rouse Molly," he enjoined, "but let me look into the street from an upper front window."

"Come into my room," said the General promptly and in silence led the way.

Strang gave a single glance from behind the shutters and turned away from the casement.

"They are guarding every side," he exclaimed



There was a sound at the threshold and Molly hurriedly entered the dusky room.

"Philip," she said. "I heard Philip's voice. What has happened?"

"I have been seen," Strang answered. "The Liberals have put a watch on the house."

## XXI.

### *The Watch on the House*

The night wore on. Twice again Strang stole out through the garden to listen to the shuffling tread of the sentinels, and once more would he have reconnoitered had not the General dissuaded him lest the guard, tiring of street and lane, should force the garden itself and so take him. The dawn found the situation unchanged.

"It has a queer look," commented the General. "If they want you and know that you are here, why don't they make a demand in soldierly fashion. I cannot understand their tactics."

"I have three hypotheses," Strang rejoined. "Either they are not sure, which I doubt, or they prefer not to put you to annoyance, which is possible, or, what is likeliest of all, they are proceeding according to some Mexican code of warfare to which we benighted Anglo-Saxons are strangers."

It seemed the part of wisdom to ignore the anomalous condition of affairs without, as far as possible, and, in furtherance of this plan, Molly, inwardly quaking, but outwardly composed, went out into the garden to gather flowers for the breakfast table which the General insisted should be laid as usual. The clear serenity of the morning seemed to impugn the reality of the night's happenings, and only the lounging footfalls beyond the wall linked the unreal yesterday with the actual to-day. With an armful of dewy roses she turned to retrace her steps, and in lieu of looking toward the street wall, which her nervous fancy

studded with peeping eyes, she chose the opposite prospect embracing the garden and dwelling of Don Hernando. From the terrace where she stood, the upper windows of the Spaniard's residence were plainly visible, and as her eyes swept the expanse of yellowed plaster and stucco she perceived the quick flutter of a woman's draperies in a case-ment as someone drew back behind the hangings. Intuition rather than physical sight told her that the movement was Ysabel's and she perversely lingered within range of espionage that she might demonstrate her light-hearted unconcern; an essentially feminine contribution to the strategy which the occasion seemed to require, that gave her keen satisfaction. She mentioned the circumstance at table and her father smiled.

"The senorita's curiosity is piqued, I dare say," he remarked. "Someone of Don Hernando's household has noticed our guard of honor."

Strang was thoughtfully silent.

"Is she usually astir at this early hour?" he asked presently.

No one knew; Strang peeled an orange methodically.

"Is there a room in your house which overlooks your neighbor's garden?" he inquired.

"My own," Molly responded.

"With your permission I shall try the view after breakfast."

"You think that the Liberals may have posted men there too?" asked General Ravenscroft.

"It did occur to me that the lady might have something of the sort to attract her attention."

"There is no guard there this morning," said the girl quietly.

They turned to her in surprise.

"No guard!" exclaimed her father.

"Not in the garden."

"How do you know?"

"I looked as soon as it was light."

Strang threw her a grateful glance.



"You are an ally worth while," he said.

"What do you make of it?" demanded the General.

"That they do not expect me to choose the garden as an exit. I fear I must trespass."

"You will not attempt to go until night?"

"Alas, no. Every hour is valuable. At this minute I should be miles to the north. Is there a street immediately beyond Don Hernando's property?"

"Yes," said the General. "Don Hernando's garden and mine share the block between them."

"Then there is a guard beyond," reasoned Strang. "I heard voices in that direction last night, but I was not certain of the street. I thought that the garden might be patrolled. That way out is not so promising after all. Still it is the only way. I wish I knew the strength of the guard in the farther street."

"I will ascertain that," volunteered the General promptly. "I propose to visit the market this morning as usual, and I can contrive to return in that direction."

"You might ask the reason for the guard," said Strang. "There is doubtless an officer in charge."

"Won't that precipitate matters? They might conclude to search the house."

"I think not. They seem unwilling to lay hands on me within your walls, and probably will wait until I am out of them. It will do no harm to question."

"Very well," said the General, rising, and a minute later they heard the street gate clang after him.

"Now for the watch-tower," said the hunted one cheerfully, and Molly led the way to her darkened chamber where she left him.

From between the blinds he minutely searched out every part of the neighboring garden which met his eye; there was no guard visible, as Molly had said, and

the whole prospect lay in placid bloom with the night's dew rising in perfumed mist as the sun cleared the rugged mountain rim of the valley's cup and drew thirstily at the moist earth. Presently he turned from the window and looked around him. Molly's room! It seemed instinct with her dainty individuality. The feminine knickknacks on the dressing table, the engravings on the wall, the spotless purity of the counterpane, the little shelf of books above the bed, the bit of Guadalajara pottery filled with flowers in the window embrasure—all spoke to him of her. He ran his eyes along the bookshelf, scanning the titles curiously, for it is the intimates of bookdom that we place at our "beddes hed." A tall Shakespeare jostled a pudgy Burns, both honorably scarred; Thomas à Kempis and "Vanity Fair" stood cheek and jowl; and the "Sketch Book" nestled to "The Idylls of the King." Toward one end "Esmond," "Rob Roy," and "The Spy" lurched tipsily together like three jovial musketeers. Strang took down the "Imitation" and slowly turned its leaves. Doubly underscored, he read: "Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more pleasant, nothing better either in Heaven or earth, because love is born of God." He replaced the book with a guilty sense of having read what was not intended for his eyes; it counted for nothing that the mystic had written of a love other than that of man for woman and woman for man; by the underscoring of a line the words became confiscate to Cupid's kingdom and phrased his philosophy none the worse for their previous condition of servitude.

Hearing the General re-enter the *patio* from the street, Strang gave a parting glance through the shutters and went below.

"Well?" he said tentatively when they had filed into the *sala*.

"Not well, but ill," responded the General dismally. "First of all," he went on, "I inquired the wherefore of our military honors. I ran across the officer in charge just below here, sunning himself and consuming cigarettes without a care in the world. He courteously explained that the armed force was for the better protection of myself, the *Senor Americano*. All armies, he informed me, contain unscrupulous men; not excepting the Liberal army itself, incredible as it may seem. Without certain precautions peaceable foreigners might suffer depredations of which the Imperialists are properly the object; and so it was that the law-abiding took measures to restrain the lawless, even to the extreme charity of surrounding the dwellings of senores the foreigners with picked troops, of honor spotless and of valor approved. That was the burden of his eloquence; it sounds plausible."

"Can that be the truth after all?" asked Molly jubilantly.

"No," rejoined the General calmly. "It was an ingenious lie. I straightway proceeded to stroll by the residences of other gentlemen like myself unendowed with the priceless boon of Mexican citizenship. None of them was favored as we have been."

The girl's face shadowed with disappointment; Strang had known better than to hope.

"And the guard beyond Don Hernando's outer wall?" he asked quietly.

"Consists of one man."

Strang gave a sigh of relief.

"Now for darkness," he said, turning to re-ascend. "It is evident that they have some strong reason for believing me to be in hiding here," he added.

His point of view from Molly's window brought the arbor of Don Hernando's garden within his range of vision and presently some object behind its trellis caught his eye. He scrutinized it for a moment and then went out into the

*coredor* where he encountered Molly.

"Have you a field glass about the house?" he asked.

"Father's is broken," she replied. "Will an opera glass answer?"

"Quite as well," he said, and followed her back into her chamber. He quickly adjusted the glass which she took from a drawer faintly odorous of lavender, and scanned the arbor.

"What have you discovered?" said the girl who had come behind him.

"The strong reason, I fancy," he responded, and signed to her to look.

She started back with an exclamation of dismay. Behind the leafy curtain sat Ysabel whom the lense gave the effect of peering into her very eyes.

"There is neighborly solicitude," said Strang with a grim laugh. "Her black eyes would bore through these walls if they could."

Ysabel left the arbor toward mid-day, but Strang saw her return to it later in the day, and it was quite dusk before she quitted it at last. At an early hour Strang made ready for his attempt to elude the guard.

"The sooner the better," he said. "Your strain has been too long by far, and there is a deal of work for me when I am clear of Tacubaya. There is no horse awaiting me to-night; I must find one."

They made no effort to dissuade him; after hour upon hour of tension their nerves clamored for action and, poignant as was the parting, it unquestionably made for relief to all three when Strang went out into the night. He clambered to the coping of the dividing wall in a spot densely screened with foliage and considered how he might best traverse the garden. A lizard scurried from him and rustled into silence among the vines; he heard no other sound. With all caution he let himself down and began to make his way from shrub to shrub and tree to tree; there was brilliant starlight

and a gibbous moon, but the ragged shadows of palm and cypress and magnolia thickly interlaced the devious path he chose among the tree boles. Suddenly he halted, subtly aware of the near presence of some breathing obstacle; and the figure of a man rose abruptly from a bench.

"Is that you, Ysabel?" asked a low voice.

"Sanborn!" exclaimed Strang. "What are you doing here?"

The young man struggled with his stupefaction.

"I am here as—as Don Hernando's guest," he managed finally to utter.

"And you," he went on more boldly, "what are you doing here?"

"I am not a guest," answered Strang with saturnine humor. "I am running a gauntlet of armed men. I am trying to elude the guard which the Liberals have set to trap me. Surely you have noticed the soldiers about General Ravenscroft's house?"

"I have not been out of doors before today," said Sanborn evasively.

"I have not a minute to lose. I must slip by the sentinel beyond the wall. You can help me if you will."

"Help you?" repeated Sanborn blankly.

"Go into the street; detain the fellow with some pretext while I scale the wall and cross the roadway. It will take but a minute."

"I—I—" The skewered could say no more.

Strang recoiled suspiciously.

"Are you unwilling?" he demanded.

No answer.

"Or afraid?"

"You know I am not afraid," hissed Sanborn doggedly. "You know that."

Strang peered at him through the gloom.

"Merciful Heaven, man!" he exclaimed. "Have you turned Juarist out and out?"

"Yes," cried the boy, goaded to plain

dealing and with a shout for help he thrust the barrel of a revolver in the fugitive's face. There was a violent struggle in the dusky shrubbery, but the issue was never doubtful. The Liberal guard seemed to swarm from the recesses of the garden itself.

## XXII.

### *In Which Sanborn Claims His Reward*

Sanborn lost no time in demanding of Ysabel the strict fulfillment of her promise.

"When I set a week hence as our wedding day I meant it," he told her the morning after Strang's capture.

She affected to treat his insistence as a jest, but he would not be diverted from his purpose.

"If I meant it then," he queried soberly, "what do you suppose is my feeling after last night?"

She rasped his tortured nerves with a metallic laugh.

"One would think that you had played Judas to a bosom friend," she jeered, "instead of aiding your party to trap a dangerously active enemy. What did that man ever bring you save humiliation?"

"He meant well enough by me, I guess," said Sanborn sullenly. "Besides I did not count on that precious business in the garden when I made up my mind to help you. It should have sufficed that I pointed out where he could be found. Your ragamuffin soldiers should have done the rest."

Ysabel's dark eyes glinted angrily.

"Had you not been so tender of your dear Ravenscrofts he might have been taken hours before," she retorted. "Who sent you into the garden, moreover? Not I. Why did you put yourself in the way of a rencounter if you had no stomach for it?"

He did not answer.

"Perhaps you repented and went out to further his escape," she insinuated.

He was still silent and she laughed mockingly.

"I believe it," she taunted. "You thought to help him."

He was stung to the quick and turned upon her furiously.

"He asked me to help him, if you would have the truth," he shouted. "You know right well what I did; I set upon him. The man is a prisoner in the Liberal camp; let the fact content you. Turn your thoughts to putting your wedding clothes in order; your time is short."

She was not displeased at his masterful air. Hers, after all, was the whip hand; he might caracole and display his mettle as he chose; it merely added zest to the sense of possession. She said no more of Strang, however, and presently mollified her lover with little feminine arts which somehow and against all reason left him with the impression that he, not she, had offended. Concerning her promise, she let him infer what pleased him best; mentally reserving the option of doing as she alone saw fit. By afternoon she had decided to keep her word; the decision being coerced by an untoward circumstance. Don Hernando announced that he had now reached the last ditch of his defense and bade his women folk prepare to evacuate Tacubaya at short notice. To his infinite relief Ysabel met the situation in reasonableness and calm.

"You must defer surrendering the property for a few days," she said quietly. "It wouldn't look well to give it up before my marriage."

"A few days! Marriage!"

"Day before yesterday I promised my fiancé that I would marry him in one week."

"Extraordinary girl," gasped her father.

"Not at all, papa. Of course I realized that we could not remain here forever and naturally I wished to marry before we abate our splendor. Moreover the

Senor Sanborn wants me at once and with lovers, as with many things, I agree with the adage of my old nurse that delay always breeds danger."

"It was a saying of the great Cervantes, which you may find in the second chapter of the fourth book of his immortal work," said Don Hernando mechanically, his faculties fluttering at loose ends from the onslaught of her reasoning.

"Will not people talk, my dear?" he asked presently with a timid deference to her superior judgment.

"The war is sufficient excuse for our haste," she countered promptly. "And were there no war, why should we take our etiquette from others? We who are descended from Gonzalo de Sandoval?"

The blow took Don Hernando full in the midriff of his objection and although he modestly held his peace, Ysabel saw that he was wholly of her opinion.

"The young man must be told something of the state of my affairs," he said. "The matter touches my honor. I will talk to him as to a son."

Ysabel checked a grimace.

"Do not burden him with your troubles," she interposed smoothly. "So much as he should know he would best learn from me. You see, papa, it is I with whom he is in love."

Don Hernando could not withstand this swashing argument.

"As you will, my Ysabel," he replied, brushing his forehead hazily. "Manage your lover in your own way." He drifted away in a sea of dreams from which he suddenly emerged, radiant in the possession of a felicitous thought. "You shall spend your honey-moon at Cuernavaca," he cried.

"Cuernavaca," echoed Ysabel with a hostile note.

"The *hacienda* shall serve as bower hyeminal to your newly mated loves, my children, and, when it shall please you to receive us, the senora and I will join you there and we shall all be happy to-



gether. Ah, the *hacienda*! The first pair had no fairer Eden. It was there I led your mother in the plenitude of her incomparable beauty and gracious charm."

Ysabel scarcely listened. After the first moment of repugnance at the humdrum picture which her father's impassioned outburst suggested, came the reflection that after all the *hacienda* might serve her ends. By choosing Cuernavaca she could tole Sanborn from the embarrassing neighborhood of Tacubaya and so mask Don Hernando's retreat; and she wisely calculated that when it should at last become necessary to break the distasteful news of their curtailed estate, it would palliate the blow to point to such a token of remaining affluence. She felt confident of her ability to devise excuses in plenty for the abandonment of the Tacubaya property and of her power in general to fool Sanborn to the top of his bent.

"Cuernavaca is the place of places," she agreed with ready hypocrisy and Don Hernando kissed her delightedly for her unwonted complaisance.

That evening she told Sanborn that he could rely on her being in readiness for the wedding and did it so cleverly that he believed her coysurrender wholly due to his compelling eloquence.

In the days which followed, he shadowed her footsteps with infatuated persistence and in the course of his body service, walked with her to her church when among her marriage preparations she visited the confessional.

"What can you possibly have to confess?" he asked laughingly as they struck through the Alameda and entered the churchyard.

"Many things," she answered with a seriousness that was strange to her. "Twice within a fortnight I have been late at mass."

Sanborn throttled an impulse to laugh. The formal-religious phase of her com-

plex character he felt to be a thing apart from his own mental life; but while reason tempted him to flout, prudence stayed his fingers from meddling.

"If the priest who absolves your peccadillos has none more serious he may count himself lucky," he contented himself with saying, and left her at the door as he was bade.

For a time he loitered in the churchyard, dreamily regarding the weather-worn facade which shut her from his impassioned view. Its suggestion of mellow age and a share in the vanquished past of old New Spain impressed him strongly at the moment and he recognized that it was because of Ysabel that he thought of it at all. In a way it seemed to symbolize the antiquity of her inherited faith, beyond whose pale he was and must remain an Ishmaelite. The situation cost him no repining, but his thoughts strayed whimsically to the meeting house of his boyhood, harsh, unconciliating, unlovely like its creed, and he saw in retrospect his unregenerate Sabbath-sleeked self kicking heels against the hard benches and sighing dolorously for the sermon's end. His had never been a willing worship such as these people gave whose churches never knew solitude while their doors stood ajar. Presently Molly, a captivating romp in braids, drifted into his memories and he hastily jerked himself back into the present. There should be no past; and to strangle any lurking regret he recalled a saying of Ysabel's pronounced upon the American girl when she learned of her engagement to Strang.

"She was specially created for the Englishman," Ysabel had sneered after some little rumination upon the news. "They will be domestic, dreary and dull."

The thought was consolatory, as all sour grapes should be if the pursuit of happiness is to count for anything in this world, and with a waxing conviction that



the old love was as insipid, colorless and namby-pamby as the new was vivacious, stimulating and charming, Sanborn sauntered back to the Alameda and chose a shady bench commanding the path by which Ysabel would return. He rejoiced in the life about him. The smell of the flowers was exhilarating; the plashing of the fountain rare melody; the sun-dappled walks a bit of fairy-land. He smiled at the ingratiating *dulce* men with their bright colored trays, and exchanged greetings with the water-carriers, whose melancholy cry seemed to him as cheery as a cricket's note. An Indian with a fluttering gaudy row of parrots on a pole cherished a spasmodic hope of inveigling the urbane foreigner to buy and offered preposterous bargains. Sanborn resisted his seductions, only to fall a prey to a vender of honey-cakes which he bought but to present to a boy selling lottery tickets; whereupon a lean old medicant besought for the Sake of the Most Pure Blood of Christ that he be accorded equal favor from his Excellency. Word of the opulent stranger becoming noised abroad, a picturesque horde of hucksters bore down upon him to suffer the anguish of blighted hope as Sanborn spied Ysabel and jubilantly fled. His welcoming smile faded as he peeped under her mantilla at her face. It was tear-stained and sorrowful, and the black garments which she had put on for her church going were full of the smell of unsunned dampness of the ancient house of God. He was repelled without comprehending the nature of the intangible force which thrust him away.

"What is it, my girl?" he asked tenderly. "What have they said to you?"

She entreated him gently not to question and, concluding that she was still under the sway of some strong religious emotion unintelligible to his matter-of-fact understanding, he schooled himself to patience and in silence took her home.

In the seclusion of the villa he attempted to draw her to his side, but she repulsed him with the same gentle sorrow and sought her own room. Sanborn took a fresh grip on his composure and, selecting a shady corner of the *patio* sat down to smoke and reflect upon the fascinating vagaries of the feminine intellect. He had lighted his third cigar when Don Hernando appeared and, with marked perturbation and increased ceremoniousness, begged the honor of his company in the *sala*. The young man followed him wonderingly into the coolness of the darkened room and waited for him to speak. The Mexican shied from his task with palpable reluctance and, after watching his nervous pacing of the apartment for what seemed to him a reasonable time, Sanborn bluntly inquired what he would with him. Thus brought to book, Don Hernando sadly abandoned the Latinic indirections and circumlocutions with which he had meant to preface and soften his statement of rough-edged fact, and touched the core of the matter at the outset. Ysabel had informed her spiritual director of her betrothal and the priest had questioned concerning her choice; upon learning of the difference in religion, he had forbidden the marriage.

### XXIII.

#### *The Surmounting of an Obstacle*

Sanborn whistled incredulously.

"The old curmudgeon," he said with a touch of amusement. To one of his rearing such a contingency seemed as farcical as opera bouffe; as unreal as an expedient of impossible romance; a thing unworthy of serious consideration in a plain, every-day, rational world. He half expected to see the Mexican's grave lips part in smiling appreciation of the jest and marveled that the man could keep his countenance so well. "Does his reverence realize that this is the nineteenth century?" he demanded with a

laugh. "Does he think himself a limb of the church of Hildebrand?"

"He is," replied Don Hernando solemnly. "The Church is of all ages."

The continuity of ecclesiastical history is a terrific bludgeon; Sanborn's flippancy was utterly crushed.

"Good God," he burst out apprehensively. "You surely don't take this priest's intolerable meddling to heart?"

"He speaks for the church, senor, and no member of my family ever disobeyed the church. Many of them, indeed, have enjoyed benefices and dignities. My own maternal grandfather's brother was a bishop, as was still another descendant of my illustrious forbear, widely celebrated for his zeal in destroying the relics of the heathen civilization which flourished in Mexico before the conquest. In the hagiology of Spain, furthermore, there is authentic record of one holy saint whose kinship to our family is clearly established, while—"

"Ysabel, Ysabel," interrupted Sanborn feverishly. "What does she say?"

"My daughter is my daughter," answered Don Hernando oracularly.

"And she will jilt me because of this priest's dictation?"

Don Hernando spread his hands in protestation.

"She will find it necessary to withdraw her promise of marriage," he amended. "There is no alternative. Earthly ties cannot be permitted to weigh in the balance against spiritual ties, and howsoever dear to her heart is the thought of an alliance with you, she must nevertheless subordinate it to the welfare of her soul. Her duty is not susceptible of doubt. The Church has spoken through its ordained mouth-piece and the child of the church must obey."

"But aren't there dispensations or something of the sort to be had?" asked Sanborn vaguely.

"No member of my family ever sought

one," said Don Hernando with a touch of finality.

"Family, family," cried the young man scornfully, "if entrance to your family is so hedged about with conditions, why have you not interested yourself in my religious opinions before? Is it characteristic of Mexican courtesy to break marriage agreements at the eleventh hour?"

"I acknowledge my negligence," replied Don Hernando with humility and I entreat your pardon. I confess that it did not occur to me to question touching your religion. I forgot that your country is given over to countless heresies and warring sects."

"Oh, this is monstrous," exclaimed Sanborn. "What can it matter to Ysabel's soul that I, from your point of view, am a heretic? I have no quarrel with her belief; why should she stick at mine? What an ass I should be to insist that she change her faith for mine. Yet your position is equally unreasonable."

"Senor!"

"I ask your pardon, but you must see what I mean. Why can't we meet tolerance with tolerance?"

"I see no parallel, senor. The church recognizes none."

Sanborn flung into a chair and bit his nails. This baffling barrier of ecclesiastical and family dogma seemed at once as flimsy as cobweb and as unyielding as iron. To be hamstrung when the race seemed won; to raise thirstily a cup to drink and see it dashed away; to touch fingers with fortune and be put aside by a quibble; it was intolerable. He marshalled in retrospect the steps by which he had toiled to this pinnacle from which a malicious fate threatened to thrust him down; he thought of the life-long friendship with the Ravenscrofts that he had tossed away; of his juggling with conscience in the betrayal of the Emperor's trust to Ysabel; of his neglect of his business interests in the quest of her;

and of his final sacrifice of Strang and of his own self respect to gain her double-dealing hand; and he shrank as he recognized in each, an unequivocal sign of deterioration. He thought, too, of the life to which he must return, stamped with failure; of the hardships of an engineer's lot beyond the Mississippi; of the monotonous round from which he had rejoiced to escape; and contrasted the prosaic picture with the lotus-eating existence he had planned to share with Ysabel. It maddened him to think, but the thoughts crowded unbidden and he let them take their course and groaned in his disgust. Don Hernando came to him at the sound and put his hand upon his shoulder.

"Poor boy," he said compassionately. "Do you care for her so much?"

His words gave Sanborn's thought another trend. He had brooded less upon Ysabel than upon what she signified; but now the reflection smote him that not alone wealth, ease, power were passing; the sentient, exquisitely fashioned woman-clay in whose possession he had triumphed with riotous pulse, was passing too. He sprang from his seat and confronted his consoler.

"I must see Ysabel," he declared. "I must hear it from her own lips that she is willing to give me up."

"It would but cause needless pain to both of you," remonstrated her father gently. "She authorized me to speak for her and I have spoken. There is nothing more for either of us to say."

"There is everything to say. I must see her."

"Be reasonable, *senor*."

"Reasonable!" ejaculated Sanborn with savage scorn. "You ask *me* to be reasonable!"

"Consider her distress."

"Who has considered me? She shall tell me herself. It is my right."

Don Hernando bowed before the storm.

"I will ask her," he said, and went out with the step of an old man. Sanborn strode to a window and threw open the shutters. The gloom of the apartment stifled him; it was of a piece with the cloudy obscurity which had blotted the light from his comfortably ordered world. He planted himself squarely in the brilliant shafts of sunshine which leaped in through the iron bars upon the *senora's* serried ranks of chairs and tables and drew in great vivifying chestfuls of the outer air. So Don Hernando found him when he returned with Ysabel's excuses.

"I must see her," he repeated doggedly, and turned again to the window.

"Be kind to her, *senor*," pleaded the Mexican in sheer perplexity. "Be kind to me."

"I shall wait here until she comes," announced Sanborn stubbornly.

He heard Don Hernando go slowly out and stood staring out into the sunlight thinking, thinking. Five, ten, fifteen minutes went by; then twenty, a half hour, an hour; then the father, his eyes full of pain, glanced furtively in at the American's broad back and stole noiselessly away toward his daughter's chamber. Presently Sanborn's ear caught the rustle of a skirt on the staircase and he listened confidently to hear it near the *sala*. As it hesitated at the threshold he wheeled from the window, for he knew that Ysabel had come.

"Why would you make me?" she asked reproachfully.

He sprang to her side, but she resolutely waved him off and indicated a chair. The seat seemed unconscionably remote from her own, but he took it without complaint. She had doffed the black of her church-going for the gown of flame-colored silk which she had worn on the day of their betrothal, and the change of dress seemed to dissipate the atmosphere of the confessional that had repelled his caresses and frozen his words

of tenderness half spoken. He felt that he faced again the woman, not the devotee, and was heartened.

"In the name of common sense, Ysabel," he invoked, "what is all this about? I feel as if we had reverted to the Middle Ages. Tell me that you love me, and that we are to marry day after tomorrow, and that that ridiculous priest is an ass of the thirty-third degree."

"Don't, don't," she implored with solemn eyes. "Can't you understand? Don't you see that this ends all?"

He tossed his head with a snort of impotent rage.

"It is arrant folly," he stormed. "You would sacrifice your happiness to a bigot's whim."

"I must obey the church," she said.

"Am I a fiend to be exorcised, an unclean thing to be shunned? Am I not a man as well as your priest?"

"I must obey the church," she repeated, clinging to the phrase for strength against herself.

He scanned her averted face and smiled.

"You hide behind the priest's cassock," he suddenly accused. "You do this treacherous thing because you wish to do it. You care nothing for me and take this dishonorable means to discard me."

"You lie," she retorted fiercely. "You lie. I love you."

She spoke the truth. Submerging even her unbounded cupidity for Sanborn's fancied wealth, mounted a tide of genuine passion for the man himself. His dogged persistence had suddenly laid bare in her a thing of whose existence she had never guessed.

The man laughed triumphantly and

would have gathered her in his arms, but she struggled from him, her face, neck, ear-tips even, furiously a-blush.

"I must obey the church," she reiterated weakly. "I must obey the church."

He caught her to him, perfunctorily resisting, and tilted her chin so that she must needs look him squarely in the eyes.

"You love me?" he queried. "Say it again."

A straining of her arms was answer definite enough.

"Did God put that love in your heart, or did the devil?" he asked audaciously.

"God surely," she responded with the conviction of a prophetess.

"Will God then punish you for the love He put in your heart? Will He surrender your soul to the devil, do you think, if you disobey an ignorant priest who bids you put that love away?"

"You are a heretic," she objected.

"God taught you to love the heretic," he declared with ready dogmatism.

"They will never marry us," she faintly urged.

"They? You mean the priests? Who asks them, pray? It is the civil contract of which the law takes heed. What counts the religious form? Priest or Protestant parson, it is one and the same. I know a man who will do the job; a former chaplain in the Confederate army."

"It would not seem a marriage."

"Seem? What matters the seeming if it is? You shall, girl, you shall."

"I must not," she said. "I must not." But she clung to him still.

"You shall," he commanded sternly, and his mouth met hers. There was a muffled protest, a sigh, a sudden yielding to his embrace.

"I will," she whispered.

(To be continued)







### Martha Explains the Telephone

**MIS' MARTHY**, our ponderous colored cook and general factotum, had viewed the installation of the telephone in the dining room with many misgivings, much muttering to herself and many dubious shakes of the head. Old fashioned methods were more to her liking and she looked upon all innovations as dangerous experiments and "triflin'."

It was a "four-party" telephone and after it had been attached to the wall and tested by repeated conversations, the nominal mistress of the house decided she would pay the additional rental and have one of the general line instruments. Mis' Marthy watched the expert unscrew the transmitter box and depart, which feat being accomplished without the house falling down or any other disaster following the perilous "triflin'," she waddled to the kitchen to supervise the work of L'isbeth, her understudy, a negro girl of 14, whose chief characteristic was curiosity.

"Wha' dey-alls doin', Mis' Marthy?"

"H'it's de tellyfoam. Hurry up an' peel dem 'ar 'taters."

"Whuffo' dey gwine to have a telly foam?"

"H'it's to talk in; doan' bother me no mo'."

"How dem folks gwine hear' em, Mis' Marthy?"

"You is sho'ly cur'ous. Mis' Blanche she done talk a lot o' foolishness in dat ar' box—I done heard her, p'tendin' lak she talkin' to Mis' Selby 'way down on Deahbohn street—den de 'lectricity in dat 'ar box hear w'at she say, an' dat man gwine take dat box down to Mis' Selby, an' w'en she open h'it, she gwine hear w'at Mis' Blanche say. Go on now, an' peel dem ar' taters. I'se suttinly s'prised at yo' ign'unce!"

*Edward F. Younger*

### Autumn

**I WISH** I had a pipeful of tobacco

That tasted as it did, in '84;

A cabin the forest with the children—

And all the little forest people's children—

At play where I could watch them  
from the door.

The city's ways are not my ways, and  
never

Shall I to its demands be reconciled;  
I walk amid its roar and rumble, dream-  
ing,—



A cool and careful man in outward seeming—  
But in my heart a lost and lonely child.

I wear a mask, as you do, and as all do,  
To hide what none has time to comprehend;

A mask of settled purpose and of daring—  
To hide how very little I am caring  
For anything but just to find a friend.

Now even you, old pipe, though you are loyal,

Have failed me in this hour I sit alone;  
Lights out—and in the darkness let us wander

Over the hills of time away back yonder,  
Where laughter lent the world a sweeter tone.

### Simon Peter

"**A**BBY," said Jonas Breed, "I've asked ye for the last time. Whenever you want me now, if you ever do, you'll have to come to me."

"And when I fall from grace fur enough to be on *your* level, Jonas Breed; when I take to gamblin' and racin' hosses Sunday, I'll come," responded Abby Lane tartly.

Jonas left the house with a strange feeling of isolation in his heart. For the past twenty years he had "waited on" Abby Lane, and during that time, on the average of once a month at least, he had offered himself in marriage. On a similar average Abby Lane had refused him, but the fact that she had married no one else, and that she gave as her reason for not marrying him, his "on-Christian habits," had filled him with a hope that some day, "on-Christian habits" notwithstanding, Abby Lane would say the word. Jonas was not the man to let a woman out of his life. His affection for Abby was honest, sincere, sturdy; but his pet vices—a brush on the road be the day Sunday or secular, a little stake to make the game more inter-

esting, or, (and for this Abby had often prophesied him a drunkard's grave) a glass of hot toddy on a disagreeable night,—these he was loath to—nay, would not give up for any woman.

He had waited patiently through the long years, confident that in time Abby's prejudice would soften, and Abby had waited with an equal patience, trusting in her ability to show him the error of his way. Abby at forty was as prejudiced as ever, and at forty-one Jonas still strayed in the paths of unrighteousness. Then patience took a back seat.

"A man forty-one, and all took up with bad habits, ain't the man for me," Abby had told him earlier that eventful evening, "and you might just as well know it first as last!"

"No woman is goin' to say shall and shan't to me," replied the irate Jonas. And at the end of the interview, Jonas came out into the June night feeling very much isolated and decidedly ill-used.

Jonas held rigidly to his word, and although the quiet evenings incensed with countless balmy perfumes and voiced with many yielding harmonies, beckoned him to Abby Lane's, he steeled his heart and put the thought of her from him.

"There's too many men givin' in to onreasonableness," he told himself, "but the Breeds aint' jest that kind o' cattle."

Still he was aware of a loneliness, as subtle as it was unexpected—a loneliness which made him wish a thousand times he had never pronounced those final words—that he could go back to Abby as of old and reason, and argue and criticize. He had never before realized what the world would be with Abby a lay-figure in the dim, unapproachable background. Something decidedly unpleasant for a time, he had supposed, but nothing like this dull heaviness of mind and soul, which daily weighted him more and more. Yet Jonas was not the man to back down. He had stood up for his

nights, as he saw them, and if it was a case of taking medicine, medicine he would take.

As for Abby, when the first few days of righteous indignation were past, she was aware of very much the same loneliness and heaviness of spirit which Jonas experienced. But the stubbornness of generations of Lanes curved her lips, and the pride of the same Lanes stiffened her spine.

"Go to him?" she questioned herself, "Not if he was the last man on earth. I've got along by myself pretty well for forty years and I guess I'll get along the same way forty more, if the good Lord spares me."

Nevertheless, the evenings were very long without his hearty laughter or his bantering words, and people said that summer that Abby Lane was beginning to show her years.

As the summer progressed and the loneliness grew, she began to cast about for some means of diversion. It occurred to her a wise idea to buy a horse. There had been no horse in the stable since her father's death, five years before, but there were harness and a buggy and a Concord wagon. Surely, it was the very thing! She could ride about these evenings and forget how solitary was her position in the community. Yes, she would buy a horse.

With this resolution in her mind, she called to Jerry Mace as he was jogging past villagewards one day.

"I'm thinkin' of keepin' a hoss," said Abby, "s'pose you could get me a good one—one that I could drive an' fix, an' wouldn't be always shyin' or runnin' away?"

"Well, I cal'late I might," said Jerry. "How much do you wantter give?"

"You get me a good one, that won't kick nor crib, an' I'm willin' to pay well for it."

"Jest such a hoss as you want'll be hard to git right off," said Jerry, "but I'll do

what I kin for ye, Abby."

Now a few days later, Jerry happened to be talking with Jonas Breed in the latter's barn.

"I guess I'll have to sell old Simon Peter," Breed observed. "He's gittin' along in years, an' I wantter travel. Lord! a turtle could show him dust, now. Kinder hate to part with him, though. He's kept 'em thinkin' in his day."

"I'll give ye sixty dollars for him," said Jerry.

"Show the money, an' he's yourn," said Jonas.

Thus it happened that Simon Peter, "young, kind an' sound as a whistle," (according to Jerry) was tied in the stall of Abby Lane's stable by the modest Jerry, who had netted just forty dollars by this transfer of the beast's quarters.

Jonas did not buy another horse. Indeed, the five-year-old in the barn he seldom took out. The little brushes, which theretofore had been the joy of his life, had become very tame. His sole diversion seemed to be walking late at night, so late that he was sure no one would see him. At these times he always took the same route—and it brought him up leaning over the fence of Abby Lane's garden, where rows of candytuft and mignonette made the night air a paradise of perfume. He even went to church one Sunday—he thought she might recognize in this action his eagerness for compromise. But Abby Lane, when she passed him on the steps, merely nodded coldly and went her way.

The summer wore away and Jonas still walked o' nights past Abby Lane's garden, although the mignonette and candytuft were long since gone. Abby Lane had grown weary of driving evenings. The novelty of it had worn away, and anyway it could not drive away the terror she felt at the approach of the long, dreary evenings close at hand. Simon Peter stood for days in his stall with plenty of oats and sundry carrots to

lunch on, which diet rejuvenated him wonderfully.

Jonas fell into fits of blues, during which he would have given his good right arm had he never told Abby Lane she must come to him next time. And while the autumn waxed apace, pride and a stubborn spirit were fast developing two unwilling misogynists.

One Sunday in late October, Abby Lane hitched up Simon Peter to drive to church. Simon Peter came out of his stall only on Sunday mornings these days, which accounted for his sundry cavortings and Abby Lane's nervous and apprehensive squeals of "Whoa, Peter."

It was a crisp day and Simon Peter seemed bent upon wrecking Abby Lane's nerves. He jumped about, cavorted around the stable, and when, after a very trying half-hour, he was finally harnessed, he could scarcely be induced to stand still long enough for his mistress to get into the buggy. When she gathered up the reins, Simon Peter made for the road at a pace which brought her heart to her mouth. A few rods of this and he settled down to his usual staid gait, while Abby Lane heaved a sigh of genuine relief.

They had nearly reached the church when someone attempted to pass them. That someone was Harry Brown with a very lively colt. Simon Peter sprang ahead. What with his recent inactivity, his oats and the morning, the challenge was more than he could stand. He gathered the bits in his teeth and went past the church at a pace which would have made Jonas Breed chuckle, even in Simon Peter's palmy days.

Abby Lane clutched the reins and shouted "Whoa" at the top of her voice, but Simon Peter's blood was up. Down the road he raced, with Harry Brown vainly endeavoring to pass him.

Abby Lane felt the agony of despair. "Oh dear! Whoa—Whoa! Oh dear!

Oh dear!" she shrieked, and Simon Peter let himself out until the buggy rocked dangerously, while Abby Lane was frozen with terror. Then the paralyzing fear seemed to pass and she screamed shrilly again and again.

Jonas Breed heard those screams and came from his barn. He saw a great cloud of dust down the road, and out of the cloud came Simon Peter. Then, as in days of old, when he had won many a good-fought race over that road, he turned into the familiar gateway and stopped short before the barn door—stopped so suddenly that Abby Lane, who was unprepared for any such procedure, fell from the seat into the bottom of the buggy.

Jonas lifted her out.

"Why, Abby Lane," he cried in mock surprise, "racin' Sunday — racin' Sunday, Abby Lane."

He seemed to like those words.

"Racin' Sunday, and here you be at my house."

He put her on her feet, and she stood there trembling.

"You've come to me," he said in triumph, "an' racin' Sunday, too."

But Abby Lane had spirit.

"I don't care. I'm glad I have," said she. *Richard Barker Shelton*



### Love's Young Dream

A POOR man loved a poor young maid,  
And, though his income was not  
ample,  
He wooed and wed her. You'll agree  
Of rashness this is a good sample.

They bought a stove, a bed, and chairs,  
Some spoons and plates. But, sad to  
utter!

Their money all was spent for these  
And none was left for bread and butter.

*Caroline S. Valentine*

### The Lass that Loved a Sailor

**T**HE lass that loved a sailor  
Is gaunt and thin and tall;  
(Who was the pride of half the fleet—  
The gay toast of them all)  
No more upon her old lips fall  
The smiles that curved them so—  
The lass that loved a sailor  
Long ago.

The lass that loved a sailor,  
Full long hath she been true;  
He sailed away when their lives were  
young

And love and the world were new.  
And her wistful eyes have lost their blue  
And her hair is drifted snow—  
That lass that loved a sailor  
Long ago.

The lass that loved a sailor  
Is poor and bent and old,  
Yet she hath that within her heart  
That shields her from the cold.  
"In that quiet harbor of Peace untold  
I shall find my lad, I know,"  
Says the lass that loved a sailor  
Long ago.

*Theodosia Pickering Garrison*

### A Tale of the Forest

#### A Fable

**T**HERE was once a young woman  
who was very beautiful. Likewise  
she was very wicked and unkind. She  
ill-treated her little brothers and sisters  
in a most outrageous manner, and broke  
so many noble hearts that I fear to state  
how many, lest I should be disbelieved.  
One day this wicked young woman was  
strolling in a deep and deadly forest.  
Suddenly she saw approaching, at a rapid  
gait, a big brown bear.

"Ha!" ejaculated the bear, "you are  
my victim! Prepare for death!"

The young woman was much alarmed  
to hear the bear speak so unkindly, and  
she began to beg for mercy, but it was  
of no avail. "Then," said the young

woman, "Let me confess my sins before  
I die."

To this the bear consented, and she  
began to relate, in a trembling voice, the  
many dreadful deeds of which she was  
guilty.

"My!" said the bear to himself, "what  
a stony heart this young woman must  
have. If I should swallow it I should  
have appendicitis." And he let his vic-  
tim go.

Moral:—The good die young.

*Helen Green*

### A Battle of Confetti at the Pan- American

**A**BATTLE of confetti may be great  
fun if one is with a crowd of friends  
or cutting capers. But for a tall, gaunt  
man, lonely in a crowd of strangers, it  
looks silly and childish almost. A dash  
of the colored paper scraps thrown into  
his own face comes at first almost like  
an insult. When it comes from a laugh-  
ing young girl, who droops her head and  
shakes her curls about her face in pre-  
paration for the expected return shot,  
then the gray gaunt almost wishes he  
had spent a nickle for a paper sack of  
the fighting material.

Weary after a long day at the "Pan,"  
he leans against the base of one of the  
lights in the centre of Laughter Lane,  
idly watching the crowd and wishing  
that out of the conglomeration of faces  
might appear the One Face. He is  
vaguely conscious that a voice is speak-  
ing to him—and a strange voice. Bring-  
ing his eyes from the distant to the pres-  
ent, from the general to the particular,  
he is conscious of two pretty, bright  
young ladies pausing a moment before  
him. One of them is saying, "Well,  
you poor forlorn man—can't you have  
any fun? Here, have some!" Mechan-  
ically he held out his hand and she put a  
pinch of confetti in it. Then she  
dodged—unnecessarily—for he did not



wake up until she was out of range. If confession is good for a married man's soul, he will try to do it good now. At once a dazzling vision of what glorious fun a battle of confetti might be, crossed his mental vision in a flash. The girls were still in sight. Hastily buying a sack of ammunition he hastened after them. He could not let go unimproved an invitation like that, to spend a hilarious hour or two with two laughing girls. Of course it was an invitation—oh, conceit most masculine! Of course they were looking for a companion in their revels and had chosen the gray gaunt for some freakish reason—or none. He lost them for a minute while paying the peddler, but searched eagerly till he found them—yes, the girl with white waist and the bit of scarlet at her throat. He made his way toward them as fast as the crowd would allow, but finally stopped short because—just back of them and evidently with them was an old lady and a young man. What difference should that make? None, if he simply meant to make an impersonal dash of colored paper over them, but a whole lot if—. Then he woke up again, this time to the utter impropriety of what he had been almost unconsciously planning. Why more improper when they had a chaperon than if they were alone? Not more improper, but perhaps he would not have awakened to it if they had been alone—not until they had given him a "freeze," as they probably would had he presumed beyond the impersonal.

The man felt grayer and gaunter than ever, as he realized that he was several kinds of a fool in spite of the fact that he was old enough to know better. The whole thing settled down again to stupidity and weariness. When a hoyden in short dresses dashed a handful in his eyes, and for a moment blinded him, he felt an unreasonable desire to slap her face or take her across his knee. When the operation was repeated by a boy he

thought to himself what a blamed fool the boy was to waste his confetti on a man instead of saving it for the girls. In disgust he soon started down the Lane for home—the gaiety made it lonely beyond endurance. He soon noticed that the handsomest women and girls were most thickly covered with confetti—a sort of tribute to beauty—and it occurred to him that it was most natural for the masculine hand to follow the masculine eye. A queer Quixotic idea struck him that perhaps he could make some good use of his pocketful of paper, so he began looking for girls so homely that no confetti tribute had been paid them. He saw two approaching—one red-headed, large mouth, big teeth, both hopelessly plain in appearance, dress and bearing. He grasped a handful from his pocket, but to save his life he could not get up his nerve to throw. What! a gray, gaunt man do fool things like a thoughtless kid? When he did get his nerve to the proper point, they were gone. After a while he picked out two portly ladies waddling toward him. Really he must throw that confetti at somebody now he had it. And throw he did! They stopped in angry amazement, looked daggers at him for his temerity, and began brushing off the harmless flakes, while he escaped from sight as fast as possible.

What a stupid, foolish thing is a Battle of Confetti, in America, where we take ourselves so seriously and are so afraid of our dignity. And what a blankety blank fool the gray gaunt felt himself to be! Couldn't he *ever* get to that gate and take his folly home for castigation?

A little later, when he began to "take notice," he saw a little dumpy figure in a black dress slowly making its way in the same direction—having difficulty in getting along because of a timidity which made it seek ways around the crowd instead of pushing through. As he got opposite he looked and found she



was a little, old lady. Just then a rude, boisterous boy showered her. It was evidently her first dose. It seemed to the man that it was almost a gratuitous insult to the little old soul, but instead of being angry she looked up with a merry cackle into his face. Something prompted the gray gaunt to take out a big handful of confetti, offer it to her, and ask if she wanted to join the fight.

She held out her hand—such a little, wrinkled hand—his big hand held three times as much as she could take, and most of it spilled over on the ground. Nothing more was said, and he noticed that she was curiously looking at the stuff in her hand to see what it was made of. Off her guard for a moment she was jostled this way and that as the strong and big pushed by without seeing this little, old mite of humanity. Without a word the gray gaunt placed his six feet in front of her where he took the jostling, and her timid little craft followed peacefully in his wake. Correctly surmising that she was escaping from the too boisterous crowd, he held the position of her avant courier clear to the gate. Not a word passed, and he did not suppose that she noticed. At the turnstile he stepped aside, held the gate a moment till she could step in—when to his astonishment she threw the whole handful into his face! He could hear her funny, cracked old laugh, and her "Thank you, sir, good night," but before he could get the stuff from where it had lodged behind his glasses she was gone from sight entirely, swallowed up in the homeward crowds.

And such are the short and simple annals of a gray gaunt man at the Battle of Confetti.

*Herbert L. Baker*

### Senator Biggs' Flirtation

**H**E had looked at her twice. And now, during his promenade back of the seats with his hands in his pockets and

a fat cigar in his mouth, he was looking very hard at her for the third time. There is something hypnotic in an intense gaze, and as it attracted beyond her will, she glanced back at him.

"By Jove!" mentally swore the senator from Sundown, "her eyes match the rest of her." And he squeezed himself comfortably near one of the open windows while he continued to feast his eyes.

Men sometimes expect a great deal, and Senator Biggs was no exception to the general rule.

And just now he was expecting her to look up again. Perhaps to smile with that beautiful mouth—why not? Was he not Biggs the mighty, whose Bill for the Uncorking of the Army Canteen was the sensation of the hour? And had he not spoken six mortal hours on the Extermination of the Mosquito at the last session of Congress? And was not a pretty young woman reporter in the line of his just and legitimate rewards, if he chose to have it that way? Biggs had little faith in the ability of women to resist his charms. He knew he was a handsome man. He had that splendid masculinity which always appeals to the feminine woman. His voice, which in debate caused the rafters to quiver and the frescoed Indians to turn pale, had deep and tender notes when he was in an all-conquering mood of love. He had the reputation, too, of being a brainy fellow and no man of his set could surpass him in cool nerve or in unmitigated self-esteem. Things usually came his way; women always did, and as he saw this one seemingly unconsciously of him, he grew impatient. "Blast that note book!" he muttered.

She was deeply engrossed in transcribing from one paper to another. Not for long, however. In a few moments she strapped book and pencil together with a rubber band and arose from her seat.

"Superb!" said Biggs inwardly. "I like that style. Built like a race horse.

Here's Boggs coming this way—speaking with her! Bless my luck, I'll step up and be presented. Her severe gown suits her. I like her better at each new view." In another moment he was bowing to the literary editor of the "Air Ship." But altho' she was a beauty, was correct in dress and manner, the senator's bow was not just such an one as he would have made in a drawing room. His smile was too familiar. His glance was very direct and prolonged. Her smile was the most delicious thing he had seen in an age, with her mouth curving and dimpling like a child's, while those clear, intelligent eyes above looked at him. But there was such perfect dignity, such an absence of self-consciousness in her that he fell back a little.

"O, I know all about you," she began, "and we want your opinion on several subjects for the 'Air Ship.' Won't you talk to me now for a moment, about yourself—or are you too busy?" All this in the most business-like manner. Not a hint of coquetry.

"I'd rather talk about you," he murmured, trying to look unutterable things.

"That would not answer my purpose at all," she replied, with just a fleeting bit of a smile.

Evidently she took his homage as a matter of course. He must strike harder if he would make an impression. "Do you know, I've done nothing since you came in but look at you," he said, as she opened her little book and examined the point of her pencil. She flashed one look at him. Resentment and amusement were curiously mingled. Just the least wave of color crept into her cheeks. This was charming. The senator from Sundown loved to make a woman blush.

"What is your notion, Senator, of the Nicaraguan affair?"

"My dear, you are too distracting for a man to have views in your presence. But we can't talk here. Won't you come to my committee room? Then I'll

answer a thousand questions it you choose, and fill your notebook from cover to cover."

The faint wave surged to full tide in her cheeks and then, receding, left her pale.

She looked him in the eyes silently. Then she rose and walked away.

The senator smiled. "She'll come back. They all do," and he began his cigar again, going back to his seat to open a pile of letters from the last mail.

\* \* \*

The Van Sittarts gave a dinner that evening. Senator and Mrs. Biggs were among the guests. It was getting near the hour when "Mr. and Mrs. Roger Jones" were announced. Everybody looked around. It was evident to the senator from Sundown that somebody of importance was to appear. As they entered, this gentleman of iron nerve started perceptibly.

Could it be—no, surely not. And yet it was a very singular resemblance.

"Isn't she a swell," the fellow at his elbow was commenting. "Devoted couple; rich husband—woman of advanced ideas—has written a book—and belongs to a newspaper staff. Most women who look like *that* don't know a little bit." She wore a black silk muslin embroidered in flame-colored poppies. It fell in a magnificent sweep over heavy black satin. Her glorious arms and neck were bare and without adornment. In the piled-up masses of her hair slept a poppy. She was the same beauty Biggs had admired in the Senate chamber that very morning. But then he had looked upon her as a poor girl who earned her own living, his legitimate amusement if he chose to have it so. Now it was different. She was the protected wife. And his bow, as he was presented, had a different element from his bow of the morning.

In Senator Biggs, as in some other men, chivalry as a virtue was lacking. It was only a mockery.

*Carrie M. Ogilvie*

# Studies of Books and Their Makers

## WHO IS THE WORLD'S FORE- MOST LIVING AUTHOR?

THE press has given the widest circulation to the result of "The National" readers' ballot on the comparative rank of living American authors. The "St. Paul Globe" comments thus:

"These contests, as a rule, amount to very little, and have no literary significance. However, the result of this one is interesting. The authors receiving the largest number of votes in relative order were:

1. Mark Twain.
2. William Dean Howells.
3. James Whitcomb Riley.
4. Edwin Markham.
5. Octave Thanet.
6. Edmund Clarence Stedman.
7. Richard Harding Davis.
8. Joaquin Miller.
9. Ernest McGaffey.
10. Joel Chandler Harris.
11. Edward Everett Hale.
12. Richard Henry Stoddard.
13. Finley Peter Dunne.
14. Ambrose Bierce.
15. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
16. Opie Reed.
17. Lew Wallace.
18. Jack London.
19. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward.

"In many ways the result is encouraging. When a great many thousand readers in all sections of the country express the preference above, it indicates at least a healthy taste in literature. The list is distinctively American. Nearly every name stands for a legitimate contribution to native art. While all the authors in the list have not wrought greatly, nor permanently, they have at least worked sincerely and without sham. The result of this contest proves that the average reader is not a faddist, and furthermore is not carried off his feet by the flaring charts of "best-selling" books. Above

all it is to be noted that the writers selected are, with one or two exceptions, writers who have made their appeal to the very best in American life and character. The result is, so far as it goes, a rebuke to pessimism and a protest against sham, and it pays no tribute to the pyrotechnic advertiser who has so largely dominated our book marts.

"It is interesting to note the large number of Western names—Riley, Thanet, Markham, Miller, McGaffey, Dunne, Read and Wallace. It is pleasing to see the name of Ernest McGaffey one of the favored. None of the younger American poets has done more artistic work, or written with higher or more earnest purpose. His "Sonnets to a Wife" rank easily as the best of the kind in the whole range of American poetry."

We are encouraged by the success of this competition just closed to suggest another—upon a broader scale and therefore, perhaps, even more interesting as it may be indicative of the literary tastes of average prosperous and well informed Americans. By the way, it should be noted that we did not ask our readers to say whom they deemed the most popular living American authors. Had the question been put that way, undoubtedly there would have been many names in the list that do not appear there. For, spite of the high regard we have for the writers of enduring literature, we all read, with pleasure and not seldom with benefit, the works of the popular novelists of the day—the Fords, the Churchills and the Bacheliers.

Now for this new proposal. We invite our bookish readers to send us, in 200 words or less, the name of the man or woman whom they regard as the foremost living author in all the world, with their reasons for making the selection.

Here is a range of choice wide enough to satisfy the most fireless devourer of

books. The one restriction is that the author chosen must be judged upon one or more works that are "literature" for the many rather than for the special few in any one line of research. It might be suggested that extent of direct circulation cannot be adopted as a safe gauge of the greatness of an author. Few, comparatively, have read the works of Herbert Spencer, though millions have felt the influence of his thought. For the replies which in the judgment of "The National's" jurors best present the claims of those whom they advocate the following prizes will be given:

- 1—"Captain Ravenshaw," a popular novel of Elizabethan days in London.
- 2—"Tilda Jane," a charming New England novel for girls.
- 3—"Our Lady Vanity," Ellen Olney Kirk's novel dealing with New York's "400."
- 4—"The Road to Ridgeby's," the strongest and most attractive novel ever written of Iowa folk.
- 5—"Geoffrey Strong," the newest and one of the best of Laura E. Richards' novels.
- 6—"Life Everlasting," John Fiske's masterly lecture on the immortality of the soul.
- 7 to 10—Each one year's subscription to "The National Magazine."

The invitation is extended to all readers of "The National," whether subscribers or not.

Replies must be received on or before December 30. The results will be published in the February number. Several of the best replies, whether prize winners or not, will be given to our readers at that time. Each reply should bear the name and post office address of its sender.

America leads the world in invention and material prosperity; now let us see whether, in our own opinion, we can claim as much in the field of letters.

### GETTING "ATMOSPHERE" FOR A GULF STORY

**HENRY RIGHTOR** of New Orleans, who has written for "The National Magazine" a highly entertaining sketch of the wild life of the Gulf coasting people—for which, by the way, the artist Trezevant of New Orleans, has drawn some strikingly good pictures—tells thus of an expedition they made together to "get atmosphere:"

"We took a logging boat out Bayou Barataria to the town of the same name—the old Pirates' Roost, twenty miles down through the biggest cypresses in the world, toward the boom of salt water. Lake Salvador, hard by, is a bit of tumbled blue sky set in dazzling white shell banks. Ruined plantations, long dead indigo fields where the weed runs thin and wild, and mounds all full of treasure-holes lie scattered 'round this country like 'props' in a fairy tale. The dance in Barataria—3 o'clock in the afternoon; three Chinese musicians strumming on a bench, and the black-eyed pirates' granddaughters dancing and dancing till the stars came out."

Mr. Rightor adds:

"I was reading what you had about the relative values to magazines of stories of European or American theme. Your idea of the essential cosmopolitanism of literature I take to be correct. The best work is merely the sincerest work; that is, the best informed work: work which, as old Buffon and Hogarth had it, is inspired by patience and diligence. I don't mean by that picking out your words with a stylus as a stone mason might chisel an epitaph. I mean diligence in observation, seeing truly, thinking clearly, reasoning rightly. For the execution, it should be done a-helter-and-go. After all, it's a craft, and the best craftsmen work rapidly with nimble and certain fingers. But first they know what to do and how to do it, and their tools are all sharp and bright and ready at hand. Benvenuto Cellini understood this better than any craftsman that ever lived, or at all events he has told us about it better."

F. P.



PLEASANT VERSES BY THE  
EDITORS' LAUREATE

"TWELVE INSPIRATIONS" is the ambitious title of a pretty volume of verses from the pen of William E. Pabor of Denver, the laureate of the National Editorial Association. The book includes the "annual poems" read at meetings of the association between the years 1886 and 1901. The collection is introduced by B. B. Herbert, editor of "The National Printer-Journalist" of Chicago, and founder of the National Editorial Association. Mr. Herbert writes:

"The members of the National Editorial Association owe a debt of gratitude to him who has composed and presented, from year to year, the verses contained in this souvenir volume; who has idealized the calling, woven wreaths from all the flowers of the past and present, to crown the editor and the writer, and filled with sweet perfumes of fancy, from Psyche's bowers, office and sanctum. He taught and inspired while he has sung of how,

'A drop of ink on an editor's pen  
Will reach the hearts of his fellow-men;  
And the thought it traces leaps and springs  
Till over the earth its message rings.'

"He has used his muse-inspired pen to awaken noblest sentiments and proudest ambitions and to extol among the arts as chief masterpiece that of 'writing well' and truthfully in purity and charity. When we have mourned our comrade departed, he has comforted us in soothing measures with the thought that

'Death is the crown of life through love.'

"He has bound all our conventions in all parts of our beautiful, God-favored land with a Union-embracing necklace of pearls of richest poesy, with a garland of sweetest flowers and fruits of fancy."

We doubt not that every member of the association will prize highly this collection of the poetical works of the association's laureate.

*Thad Paul*

THREE OF THE FALL SEASON'S  
READABLE NOVELS

IT would be quite useless for any reviewer to try to keep pace with the new novels, which, like autumn leaves—as many and as many hued—bestrew the booksellers' counters. The "best-selling novels" require no heralding here; they speak for themselves—and none may hope to escape them. Yet it might be worth while to take up three that are typical—two of the fashion of yesterday, the third representing the historical romancers. First let us glance at "Our Lady Vanity," by Ellen Olney Kirk. A story of the love affairs of young persons of the upper society circles in New York. The principal figures are: A dowager, who stands fast to the old Dutch traditions of economy and sound sense; a self-made financial giant, who detests social frivolities but desires his son to enjoy them—to be "a gentleman" as gentlemen are rated among the idle-born; sisters, aristocratic but poor, one superbly beautiful and supremely selfish, the other gentle, beautiful of soul, self-sacrificing; the grey pastor of a rich church. The story centres around the three young people; the ostensible villain is a washed-out scion of the aristocracy. He plays rather a subordinate part—is a puppet moved by the real villain of the story—the beautiful and selfish sister. Who was it that said, "A woman delights to paint the villainies of her sex?" Some slanderer, no doubt, whose name is not worth remembering. The real hero of the story is the stern, self-respecting, irascible old man whose blunt savagery prevents a catastrophe when all the polished diplomacy of the gently-bred personages has failed. As a story, "Our Lady Vanity" is successful. As a study of the "400" it may be accurate; as a study of human nature wherever found, it certainly is true.



"In the Alamo" has all the brilliant virtues and most of the minor faults that characterize Mr. Read's long list of novels. This great, gentle Southerner transplanted to the soil of Chicago is unique among American story tellers. None other has so plentiful a fund of Shakespearean fancy and lightness of wit; none other draws from such deep and sweet wells of humor. It has been said that Read's novels lack plot; certain it is they do not lack readers, for no man is so widely read in the West and South. His pages sparkle with epigrams, his people are actualities; perhaps it might be said that there is quite as much of plot in Read's stories as there is in the lives of average people generally. Life is made up of incident and accident rather than of plot, for the matter of that; and Read, I take it, prefers to set down life—embellished of course with the flowers of his own imagination—rather than to invent plots and then make people to fit into them. Oddly enough, in giving you the general characteristics of Read's novels considered collectively, I have given you the color and tone of this newest of his works. What remains is his gallery of characters, and one of the sweetest possible love stories. And these are the factors of a Read novel which can no more be transferred from his page to another's than the fragrance of a flower can be transferred to a painting of it. They must be met in the book—and they are delightful people to know. Third on our list is "Captain Ravenshaw," by Robert Neilson Stephens, author of "A Gentleman Player," "Philip Winwood" and other successful stories. This is a romance, of Elizabethan London. A story full of action and fighting; not hung for chief interest upon the known figures of historic personages, but relying for its charm upon its vigorous and truthful presentation of men and women of the middle and lower classes. "everyday people," the author writes in

a foreword, of "the London of the time." Mr. Stephens in this same foreword "takes a fall out of" Mr. Howells, saying:

"Here is offered mere story, the sort of thing Mr. Howells cannot tolerate. He will have none of us and our works, poor 'neo-romanticists' that we are. Curiously enough, we 'neo-romanticists,' or most of us, will always gratefully have him; of his works we cannot have too many. This looks as if we were more liberal than he. He would, for the most part, prohibit fiction from being else than the record of the passing moment; it should reflect only ourselves and our little tediousnesses; he would hang the chamber with mirrors, and taboo all pictures; or if he admitted pictures they should depict this hour's realities alone; there should be no figures in costume.

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"It is not meant to be implied that Mr. Howells is thought to consider the work of Scott and Dumas genuine romance. If he has anywhere mentioned an example of what he takes to be true romance, I have missed that mention. I should like to read his definition of genuine romance. But I would rather he taught us by example than by precept. What a fine romance he could write if he chose!"

It should be vastly entertaining to read what Mr. Howells—always infinitely more interesting in critical writings than in fiction—may say in reply to this rash Englishman. F. P.

#### HOW TO BE CHEERFUL IN A SILENT WORLD

"**DEAFNESS AND CHEERFULNESS**" is the title of a chatty and withal solid little book from the house of Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The author is Rev. A. W. Jackson, remem-

bered for his excellent biography of James Martineau. At the outset he startles one with the statement that more than sixty per cent of the persons one meets day by day have impaired hearing. Most of these victims, of course, are unconscious of their defect, and would be very much surprised if informed of it. Doubtless a majority of them—such is the natural human disinclination to accept adverse news concerning one's bodily condition—would indignantly deny the affliction, even though assured by a competent aurist of its presence. Mr. Jackson considers various phases of his subject under appropriate chapter headings: "Unconscious Deafness," "Early Experience of Deafness," "Social Afflictions," "Business Embarrassments," "The Pathos of Deafness," "Helps and Consolations of Deafness," and "Higher Consolations."

The author has not permitted his loss of one of the senses to slay his delight in the manifold beauties of this world. The loss is great: "To the ordinary sounds of nature he is dead. In his world leaves cannot rustle, or doves coo, or insects hum. Tree, air, bird and river, which before would converse with him in any solitude, now speak to no purpose. Before him the vast drama goes on, but it is only acted. An histrionic, but no voice is there." Yet, in spite of the loss of social pleasures, the painful certainty that the sufferer will commit blunders which will expose him to the ridicule of the thoughtless, the being shut out from the harmony of nature, and the countless minor ills of deafness, the position of the deaf man is not wholly without its compensations. He may walk abroad, undisturbed by external noises, and see constantly new beauties of nature unfold themselves before his astonished and delighted eyes. Cut off, in greater or less degree, from the customary employments of mankind, he may devote himself to the study of some well-loved theme in

literature or natural life, so continually expanding his view and enriching his mind; at the sacrifice, it may be, of nothing more than the small common-places of intercourse which make up the existence of others apparently more favored.

A cheerful little book, not lacking lessons for those who happily are not deaf; presenting here and there pleasant anecdotes of the endurable mishaps that befall deaf people who are too shy or too proud frankly to confess their misfortune. A book out of the usual run, humanly interesting and in no small degree informing.

*Thad Paul*

#### JOHN FISKE'S VIEWS ON LIFE EVERLASTING

THAT man, rising from the brute, has achieved immortality of soul, even as he achieved the erect posture and articulate speech, during the long process of evolution—this is the gist of the thought in the late John Fiske's "Life Everlasting," just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

John Fiske was all his life a reverent man: a scientist, but never a materialist. He saw also with the eyes of the soul. He did not assert the impossibility of anything merely because he could find no proof to sustain the possibility of it. He searched the records of man's endeavors to answer the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" He found no tangible evidence in the affirmative; but he did find, that there is a vast world of being and sense into which man, by reason of his limited knowledge of natural law, has never yet entered, and he hopefully believed that in this unexplored world should some day be obtained the desired "yea" to the age-old inquiry, "If a man die, shall he live again?" When a scientist fixes the limits

of natural law to coincide with the limits of his understanding, that is as if a child should say, "The limits of my village are the boundaries of the world." Fiske learned a little—all that man knows in this age of the world—and was willing to trust to the future the development of knowledge as much larger and fuller than ours, as ours is larger and fuller than that of the old idolaters.

It will be of interest to the thousands who have followed the historical writings of John Fiske to learn that Houghton, Mifflin & Co., announce for early publication his "New France and New England," which work forms the only remaining link needed to complete the chain of his histories of this country, from the discovery of America to the adoption of the Constitution, upon which Mr. Fiske had for so many years been engaged, and the achievement of which was his great ambition.

H. L.

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**"THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA,"  
AN EPOCH-MAKING WORK**

JEWRY'S history, its heroes, its hopes, its aspirations—these and a thousand other phases of the career of the world's most remarkable people, are treated fully, sympathetically, in scholarly style, in "The Jewish Encyclopedia," the first volume of which has just issued from the presses of Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York City.

This great work is to be completed in twelve volumes, comprising a total of more than 2,000 pages. It is by all odds the most important publication of the century's dawn—a work that marks an epoch in the history of the people of whom it treats. For years Dr. Isidore Singer, the profound scholar who is the managing editor of the "Encyclopedia," wandered over Europe seeking a pub-

lisher courageous enough to assume the vast responsibilities of the publication. He found none such there. It was not until he came to America that he found men sufficiently broad gauged and daring to hazard the enormous outlay of capital and energy required to complete the projected volumes. The cost will be near to \$750,000. It is an odd fact in this connection that the firm which finally assumed the task should have no member or official of Jewish blood or religious belief. With the characteristic readiness of Americans to attempt really big things, Dr. Funk and his associates entered upon their labors—the plans first being carefully and broadly laid—with the enthusiasm that insures success.

This first volume includes less than half the themes under the letter A; yet its revelation of pains-taking thoroughness, of splendid catholicity in the selection and treatment of themes, of typographical excellence, of the world-wide co-operation secured from the most distinguished Jews of all lands, makes it certain that the completed work will stand for ages as a monument to its makers as well as to the people which it honors.

John Adams declared:

"The Hebrews have done more to civilize men than any other nation. If I were an atheist, and believed in blind eternal fate, I should still believe that fate had ordained the Jews to be the most essential instrument for civilizing nations. If I were an atheist of the other sect, who believe, or pretend to believe, that all is ordained by chance, I should believe that chance had ordered the Jews to preserve and propagate to all mankind the doctrine of a supreme, intelligent, wise, almighty Sovereign of the universe, which I believe to be the great essential principal of all morality and consequently of all civilization."

This "Encyclopedia" is the ample and irrefutable proof of the truth of Adams' statement of belief.

In religion, in philosophy, in commerce, in the arts, and—let it not be for-

gotten by the thoughtless who are accustomed to regard the Jews as unpatriotic money getters merely—in every struggle that man has ever made, in any land, under any sun, since Abram tended his flocks, the Jews have contributed their full share to the advancement and the enfranchisement of mankind.

A people without a country, they have made all countries their own. They have thriven on persecution and survived the despotism of blind hatred. They have, with a tenacity unprecedented, preserved their racial integrity while keeping pace intellectually, morally and in material prosperity, with the utmost progress of mankind.

In "The Jewish Encyclopedia," which is the joint product of more than 400 scholars, they have for the first time had full and fitting representation as a people. Not all of these 400 scholars are Jews. Many Christian scholars have devoted studious lives to delving into Hebrew lore, and these have been drawn upon for the contribution of their ripe learning in the compilation of this book.

Encyclopedias have humors all their own. This one is not an exception. Where else, pray, might one hope to meet, within the same set of covers, the prophet Abraham and the pugilist Barney Aaron? The Jews are properly proud of their fighters as well as of their seers and scholars.

But the work is so vast, so all inclusive, that no brief review can be made to do more than suggest the scope of its riches. It is a work that every student of man will desire to possess and should possess.

F. P.

#### SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS

"*THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA*," to be completed in twelve volumes, aggregating about 8,000 pages,

with 2,000 illustrations. Vol. I: Aach to Apocalyptic literature. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London, publishers. Per volume: Cloth, \$7; half Morocco, \$9; full Morocco, \$11.

"*HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION TO THE YEAR 200*," by Charles B. Waite, A. M. Fifth edition, containing much additional matter. C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago, publishers.

"*OUR LADY VANITY*," novel; by Ellen Olney Kirk. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, publishers.

"*GEOFFREY STRONG*," novel; by Laura E. Richards. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston, publishers.

"*LATIN-AMERICA, THE PAGANS, PAPISTS, PATRIOTS, PROTESTANTS, AND THE PRESENT PROBLEM*," by Hubert W. Brown, M. A. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

"*TILDA JANE*," novel; by Marshall Saunders. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, publisher.

"*CAPTAIN RAVENSHAW*," novel; by Robert Neilson Stephens. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, publishers.

"*CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS PROBLEMS*," by Henry Otis Dwight, LL. D. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

"*MISTRESS BRENT*," novel; by Lucy Meacham Thruston. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publishers.

"*CHATTERBOX FOR 1901*," juvenile; Dana, Estes & Co., Boston, publishers.

"*HERBERT SPENCER AND HIS CRITICS*," by Charles B. Waite, A. M. C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago, publishers.

"*KIDS OF MANY COLORS*," juvenile; by Grace Duffie Boylan; pictures by Ike Morgan. Jamieson-Higgins Co., Chicago, publishers.



**"BLANNERHASSETT," THE ROMANCE OF AARON BURR**

**M**ORE talked of at the hour of this writing than any other of the new books is "Blennerhassett," Charles F. Pidgin's historical romance founded upon the career of Aaron Burr. It is more than a romance; it is a fervid and at times eloquent plea in justification of that much misunderstood statesman. As a story, it is of compelling interest; Mr. Pidgin's style is vivid, picturesque, powerful. But the interest in the work centres chiefly, of course, in its treatment of Burr as an historical figure. By running fiercely counter to accepted tradition, Mr. Pidgin has aroused a storm of adverse criticism; it is no agreeable task for most persons to suffer a readjustment of values. They cling to their teachings and will not accept new truth concerning old beliefs, until it be forced upon them supported by sufficient and sound evidence. The writer of this review is not competent to judge whether Mr. Pidgin has established his case for Burr. But undeniably he has written that which will soften old prejudices and insure to Burr a juster measure of regard.

One may judge the tone and mission of the book by reading this extract from the author's preface:

"For a hundred years, one of the most remarkable of American men has borne a weight of obloquy and calumny such as has been heaped upon no other man, and unlike any other man, during his lifetime he never by voice or pen made answer to the charges heaped upon him, or presented either to friends or foes any argument or evidence to refute them.

"The American public makes idols of its great men; but when from any cause those great men fall from their high estates, the American public has no mercy for its fallen heroes.

"I will not speak longer in general terms, of uncertain application, but at

once declare that the remarkable man I have in mind is Aaron Burr; a man who fought bravely to secure the independence of the Colonies; a man who rose to the highest position at the bar, and who was offered a seat upon the bench; a man who was elected to the highest position in the gift of the American people, and who filled the second place with a dignity and grace that has never been equalled; a man who avenged the wrongs inflicted upon him during a period of thirty years, on the fatal day at Weehawken; a man who contemplated a conquest, and who was tried for high treason by the members of the party which afterwards carried out exactly the program of conquest that he had outlined; a man who bore his downfall with patience and dignity; a man whom neither political persecution nor poverty, nor the perfidy of his friends, could force to speak one word of recrimination or complaint; a man who bore the loss of daughter and grandson, the dearest ties that bound him to the human race, with resignation; a man who for twenty-five years thereafter toiled on without complaint to supply the means for an humble living; a man who, although he killed his foe according to the rules of the code of honor then in force, has been called either assassin or murderer by the makers of school books, thus instilling into infant minds a prejudice which only research and study in after years could effectually remove."

The story takes its name, of course, from that ill-fated gentleman who has figured in history as the most pitiful victim of those machinations whereby Burr hoped to achieve the conquest of Mexico. Theodosia, the beautiful and highly gifted daughter of Aaron Burr, is presented as we have been accustomed to regard her—as one of the most devoted and brilliant women in our history.

"Blennerhassett" has leaped into great popularity. It deserves this, both by reason of its merits as a novel and because it will stimulate interest in one of the strangest and most romantic chapters of American history. The publishers are the C. M. Clark Company of Boston.

B. M.





**V**ISIONS of Thanksgiving cheer greet the mind's eye. Mr. Turkey begins to look over his shoulder to see if anyone is following him. The "boys" and "girls"—some of them pretty old boys and girls, with littler boys and girls of their own—are getting ready to "go home" to spend the day with Father and Mother. Long trips to be made, sometimes. Costs a good bit of money, and means some sacrifices, maybe; but it's worth all that, and more.

To see Grandfather's merry bright eyes twinkling with good humor behind his "specs," his white beard and moustache an ambuscade for smiles and pleasant jests;—Grandmother in a flutter of delightful excitement—her "boy" back to her side again, with the little flock who have made his new home, that supplements but can never supplant in his heart the Home of his infancy, of his active childhood, of the doubt-troubled period when he first felt the Great World facing him, with a very grim grin on its face, and *demanding* to be dealt with— and no more delay about it, sir!

Uncles and aunts and cousins—all gathered around the long table that doesn't *really* groan, as the story-teller says, but *would* groan, no doubt, if you tried to move it. Like some of us whose burdens—of care, or time, or whatever

it may be—are so heavy that we can carry them all right standing still, but couldn't travel very far under them. A good deal, though, in the idea that troubles weigh less the less you think of them. A sort of Christian Science in *that* idea that the world cannot have too much of.

But we were at table, weren't we? And you were gently checking the restless hands and voices of Teddy and Susie and the Baby while Grandfather was preparing to ask the blessing. So much to be thankful for! For food and shelter; for our own personal successes and for the constant sure expansion of the Christ-spirit over land and sea. For our losses that taught us the sweetness of humility; for our gains that did not make us forgetful of the less fortunate, our brothers and sisters. For a country young and faulty, perhaps, but free and ever striving for more light; ever a lamp of hope to the outer world. For daily toil that keeps us sound of body; for ideals that uplift the mind; for love and faith that soften the heart and give it courage to aspire. O, a very great deal to be thankful for! Heads are bowed reverently while the dear old man pours out the message of his gratitude to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts.

And then the clatter and the chatter when he concludes! Gracious! but boys

and girls *are* noisy. But, God bless them!—if they weren't they wouldn't be boys and girls, would they? They'd be little old men and women, and we don't want them to be that. Sometimes we wish we could keep them *always* just boys and girls.

THOSE delicious moments alone—just before the mantle of sleep falls upon us: how many men have the fixed habit and desire for a meditative smoke before retiring. The calls of his good wife are unheeded as, wrapped in reveries, he knits the events of to-day and the expectations of to-morrow into one chain of thought. Sometimes I think it is the instinct of prayer that prompts it. Ruskin often insisted that if we looked more often into mental mirrors, we would have a truer conception of our inner selves. The impulse and feeling of the individual seldom if ever reaches an adequate expression in words. It is, after all, the subtle actions in every day affairs that are the truest expressions of life. We may all feel these tender, sacred emotions but to so set them into speech that another shall share those feelings, and respond to them with a blissful sense of having discovered therein his own feelings—that, to me, is art. This halting between thought and speech is the bane of editorial work. There is so much to say and express in the meager pages; so much to cover in the range of seven inches of contents, that it appears impossible to bring it all into one satisfactory, closely-knit whole; an expression that shall subtly suggest the universal sympathies and desires that invisibly link us all together as one. Some call this sense of spiritual kinship telepathy—but that is coldly scientific. Human sympathies and human emotions travel in waves. Thought, too, for most people comes not in isolation, but in associated, although separated, waves that sweep over the world; so it happens that when

we think a really original vein has been opened—we soon find that another, or others, have been there before us.

After all, the best satisfaction lies in fixed, wholesome ideals. They may appear unapproachable, but if the standard were always obtainable, the striving would lack the zest of uncertainty, the enthusiasm of battle that makes success when attained doubly dear.

WHILE we have been going over the field for a special Export number, which we intended to present to you this month, we found so many things to be done, so many points to be covered, so many people to be seen in order to treat the subject as we wish to treat it in a special number, that we decided we would better put it over to December and have it done right.

Another thing: we were so impressed with the bigness of this new movement to gain more foreign markets that it became apparent to us that every number of a live national magazine would have to be an export number; that is, in the sense of keeping its readers posted on the things done or planned in this direction. So you will find in this number many reflections of the export spirit. And next month we will go into it more fully, with some interesting articles on the plans that are being laid to extend our markets in Australasia in particular, and pretty much everywhere else.

Uncle Sam wants the whole world for a customer, and he's going to get it, too, for he has the things that everybody wants, once they get a look at them. Mr. Blaine pointed out the way a good while ago. Mr. McKinley mapped a policy for our own era, and the men in control of the big industries and of affairs at Washington appear to be agreed upon the need of modifying present customs, at least sufficiently to build up larger and freer and more friendly markets abroad for the goods we make.



## Fargo, Queen of the New Northwest

By MAJOR W. A. EDWARDS, of "The Forum"

WHEN Thomas Jefferson negotiated the Louisiana Purchase, with Napoleon, many eminent statesmen decried the course of the president, stating that the vast domains of the west were worthless from the standpoint of resource and that the existing proportions of the Union were fully capable of meeting all the requirements of growth and progress for which this nation was destined. Financiers and diplomats of recognized ability stood askance when Jefferson and Napoleon sealed the exchange of 1,000,000 square miles for \$15,000,000. No dreams of expansion perturbed the savants of the Jeffersonian period.

With the blue expanse of the Atlantic on the East, and the Father of Waters on the west, the nation was content to enclose the virile ambitions of a great republic. Beyond the subdued murmur of the mid-continental stream, no curious eye ever peered, or intellect paused to contemplate the vast wealth that slumbered in dormant inactivity where

the rolling plain stretches forth in unbroken expanse until in the dim horizon it blends with the concave of cimmerian blue.

Early geographies designated the prairies of the northwest as the Great American Desert. Sedate theorizers and oracles of science asserted that the northwestern prairies were a fallow expanse of terra incognita, which no ingenuity of man could ever bring to any productive usefulness.

Even after the beginning of the civil war, there appeared in the school geographies then extant a dark red streak, beginning at the Gulf of Mexico on the south and running northwesterly to the British possessions and thence west to the Pacific Ocean. All that section was labelled upon these maps as "The Great American Desert, Unexplored." Out of the very heart of this desert was carved what is now the imperial state of North Dakota—the Bread Basket of the World.

In the early seventies when the writer first beheld with amazement the vast plateaus of Dakota prairie many of the central states were a wilderness. St. Paul was a small settlement of straggling cottages and Minneapolis yet unknown. The vast areas of land reposed in complacent

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Fargo on the Dakota side and Moorhead on the Minnesota side of the Red River of the North are practically one city—a nucleus of one of the greatest centres of population in the New Northwest. Much that has been written of Fargo is as applicable to Moorhead. The interests of the two cities are identical and the spirit of their rivalry friendly—even cordial, since each shares the other's advancement in material prosperity.]

oblivion of the great possibilities which the mystic alembic of time has since then wrought in the reconstruction of the west.

Undaunted by prejudice, westward the settler wended his way oblivious alike of personal comfort and despondent solicitude of Eastern friends.

In due time, an armada of canvassed schooners halted near the placid banks of the Red River of the North. Silently winding its tortuous way among the receding plains, this famed stream is picturesque beyond description. On either side, the most profuse vegetation blossoms in tropical variety, while athwart the lea the eye sweeps unobstructed till sky and land meet in the dimness of the horizon.

There is a sublimity in the shoreless prairie. It is the blending of harmony, peace and contentment. Wild discord and roaring chaos inspire with fear, but the silent landscape, the gentle vernacular of creation, opiates the mind with admiration and soothing peace.

The city of Fargo is situated near the headwaters of the Red River of the North. From a geographical standpoint the valley of the Red River offers an interesting illustration of the variable

indentations of the continental divide. The lake region of Northern Minnesota, where the Mississippi rises, slopes southwesterly, while the valley of the Red, which covers practically the same latitude as the upper Mississippi valley, inclines North, emptying its waters into Lake Winnipeg. Governed by atmospheric laws of different character from those of the great systems of the east; subject to a new routine of moisture, drainage and atmospheric phenomena, the Red River Valley possesses a singular individuality, entirely distinct and independent of the vast arrangement of natural laws governing the central artery of the continent. It is greatly owing to the incline of the Red River valley toward the northern system of waters that new laws and atmospheric changes govern the vegetation and outline the variable severity of the seasons. It is also largely responsible for the hardy quality of cereals which the prevailing temperature evolves.

In the early seventies, the first "shacks" of the settlers were planted upon the peaceful banks of the Red River of the North. At first a few straggling houses, the settlement has steadily grown, until now it is the important city of Fargo.

STREET SCENE IN MOORHEAD, ACROSS THE RIVER FROM FARGO

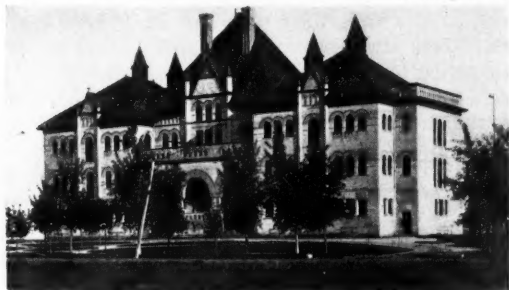
Photo by Flaten



From the varying fortunes incident to all infant communities, it has emerged with flying colors, and to-day it is one of

MAIN BUILDING STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, MOORHEAD, MINN.

*Photo by Flaten*



the most substantial cities in the United States.

In 1873 the Northern Pacific extended its transcontinental line as far as the Red River valley, placing the infant community in direct communication with the Eastern centres of commerce. Immediately the city was platted into recognized corporate limits and the shanty of the pioneer was doomed. Elegant houses and mammoth emporiums of commerce have been erected, farms outlined and improved and the community has assumed features of substantial growth and permanent development.

In 1880 the two wings of the continent were welded into an intimate union by the completion of Northern Pacific and the extension of the Manitoba, now the Great Northern. With these signal victories of the science of empire-building rose the sun of Fargo's greatness. The halcyon era was on. Farms that were practically worthless jumped into phenomenal values and city lots were veritable mines of gold.

Speculation more intense than in the metropolitan exchanges of commerce engaged the attention of famed

financiers, who organized into corporate bodies and purchased vast tracts of land that in extent of area were more com-

prehensive than entire states in the east. Bonanza farms consisting of several thousand acres were placed under cultivation and great fields, burdened with the most luxuriant grain, stretched forth to all sides in place of the tenantless prairies. Houses and habitations of a superior race rose over the lair of the fox and the wolf, installing a quality of civilization that in point of

activity and constructive power was one of the marvelous outgrowths of the age.

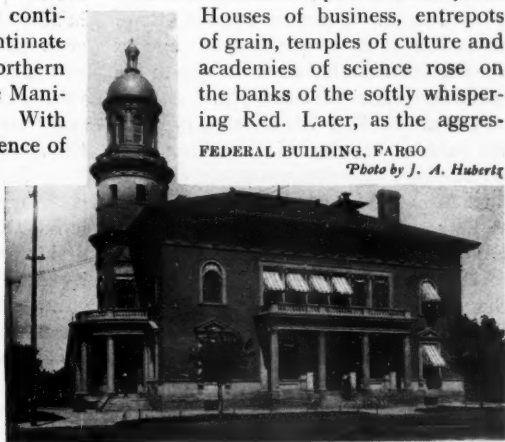
In Fargo, the shack of the settler made way for elegant structures of masonry, embellished with columns of marble and arcades of sculptured rock. Carloads of goods and commodities arrived daily and the country side fairly blossomed with cozy cottages and peaceful homes. Hammers rang in labored music, forges hissed, men swore and ladies sang sweet songs.

In due time up rose the steeple of the church and the school bell diffused its mellifluous cadence upon the balmy air.

Houses of business, entrepôts of grain, temples of culture and academies of science rose on the banks of the softly whispering Red. Later, as the aggres-

FEDERAL BUILDING, FARGO

*Photo by J. A. Hubert*





sive spirit of the community outlived its swaddling clothes, two momentous projects were planned and executed by local financiers, bringing the several parts of the state into an intimate communion and making Fargo the centre of commerce in the great northwest. The Fargo Southern tapped the slumbering territory of the south, while the Moorhead Northern penetrated into the regions of the north. Four great railroads ramifying from the city into four parts of the compass, two of them transcontinental, placed the city in a unique position as the logical distributing

trade of the city controls a territory consisting of the western part of Minnesota, northern part of South Dakota, all of North Dakota and eastern Montana. Some two hundred commercial travelers make their residence in the city. It is the second distributing centre for machinery and farm implements in the world. Its flouring mills and grain storage houses are among the most extensive in the west. The amount of its traffic is treble that of any city of its size in the union. Bank clearances equal those of any commercial centre of 30,000 population. Its tax rate is lower per capita than in most cities. The

FARGO HIGH SCHOOL

*Photo by J. A. Hubert*

centre of the entire northwest. Business enterprises and manufactures kept pace with the ascendant eminence and to-day Fargo is unquestionably one of the most substantial communities in the western wing of the continent.

Across the Red River is Moorhead, the enterprising city of Minnesota. In point of activity and commercial importance Moorhead forms a valuable adjunct to Fargo. The population of the two cities is estimated at about 16,000 and together they form a commercial unit that challenges any similar metropolis in the union to a comparison of financial resources and data of industrial promise.

Fargo has factories, machine shops and wholesale houses and nearly all departments of business. The wholesale

wholesale trade alone amounts to \$15,000,000 per annum. The average freight handled is 800 tons every day of the year. It has the largest temple devoted exclusively to Masonic purposes in the world. Its post office ranks in importance and class with that of New York City.

As the metropolis of the northwest, it is the seat of learning, culture and religious activity. The local Catholic cathedral is pre-eminently the finest edifice of its kind in the entire west. The Congregational church maintains the diocesan seminary at Fargo, while the Episcopal see recognizes the city as its headquarters.

The Agricultural College as a distinctive outgrowth of local industries em-

bodies the industrial possibilities of which the state is susceptible. The institution serves as a mentor in the evolution of scientific husbandry which is now the one great desideratum of the state and of all this section.

The Northern Pacific maintains a beautiful park near its depot which besides the most profuse garlands of vegetation contains one of the Spanish cannon captured by Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila. Island Park is a sequestered bower of exceeding loveliness possessing wonderful natural charms and wealth of nature's choicest growth. The soft murmur of waters, the beauty, luxuriance and variety of

vegetation make the park one of the most magnificent spots in any city. Here the wayworn traveler may commune with sylvan deities and pause in the turmoil of life

to listen to the sublime diapason that peals forth in entrancing melody in the open cathedrals of nature.

Company B of the famed First North Dakota regiment is composed entirely of Fargo boys. During the Spanish-American war Colonel Clarence B. Edwards, Adjutant General of Lawton's Brigade in the Philippines, speaking of the First North Dakota Regiment, said that they were the finest body of volunteers he had ever seen. The state feels justly proud of the record of her soldier boys, and cherishes their glory as one of her choicest laurels.

There is a distinctive characteristic in the civilization of the west. Primarily the western population consists largely of Americans native born or naturalized by a long residence. The spirit of broad

fellowship and cordial brotherhood permeates all strata of society and links together the social fabric by cables more enduring than the affection of Damon and Pythias.

Fargo prides herself upon the hospitality and free hearted courtesy shown to all strangers sojourning in her midst. She has more secret societies and charitable institutions than any city of her proportions in the union. Her homes are open to the stranger and the social cheer is ever accessible to visitors.

As an illustrious type of our citizenship we point with special pride to the distinguished president of our country. Mr. Roosevelt has for many years been intimately associ-

ated with the institutions of the state and thoroughly embodies the broad spirit of the west. In early days he

spent several years among the cowboys of the Bad Lands and still preserves the warmest esteem and friendship of all the old pioneers of the state.

The quality of local industries is such a well disseminated abundance among all classes is the logical result. There are but few millionaires in North Dakota and no paupers. Although life in the west is serious, it is not harrowing. Masters are kind and laborers are faithful. A band of amity more enduring than time welds the social fabric into a unit of harmony and co-operation.

Dakotans are a very social people. The farmer and the business man dearly love to cull out a holiday and woo the sweet pleasures of life and gather together for social recreation.

Western people are lovers of good

MAIN BUILDING,  
FARGO COLLEGE

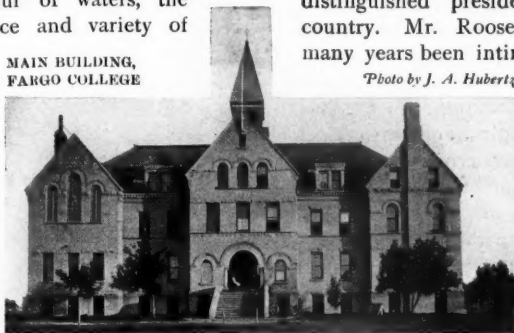


Photo by J. A. Hubert

sport. The fact that towns of not more than 1,000 inhabitants have supported an active baseball league team is a fairly convincing proof that a Dakotan will never shirk his duty in behalf of a local enterprise.

A good horse is the pride of all western lovers of refined sport. The cowboy upon the broad prairie loves his horse with a depth of affection that cannot be estimated. Sportsmanship is largely equestrian in character. Local horsemen have some of the finest equine blood to be found anywhere. Ladies take as much to the pastime as men. Skilled equestriennes drive spirited blood with as much dexterity as the most experienced reinsmen.

The elegance of equipages, taste of sumptuous as well as artistic appointments, make western sportsmanship distinctly refining.

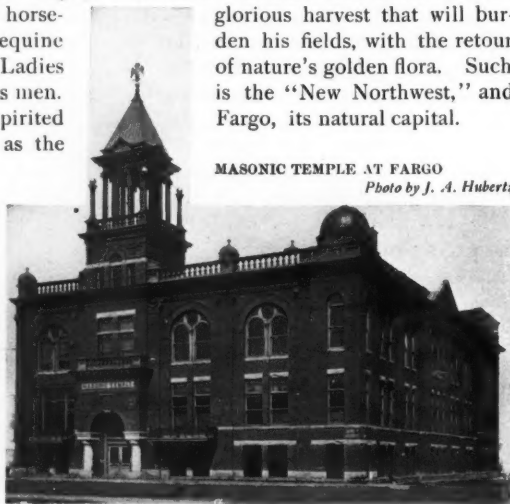
Among the other notable institutions are the elegant hotels, the mammoth theatre, and fine public schools. The fire department is one of the most efficient brigades of its kind in the northwest.

The harvest of the state has just been completed and a universal feeling of hilarity prevails. The most sanguine hopes of local enthusiasts have been realized. At the Pan-American Exposition seventeen distinct varieties of the state's vegetation captured awards.

Again as the languid days of winter are approaching the farmer relumes his ancestral pipe, comfortably installs himself at the fireside and thinks of the glorious harvest that will burden his fields, with the retour of nature's golden flora. Such is the "New Northwest," and Fargo, its natural capital.

MASONIC TEMPLE AT FARGO

*Photo by J. A. Hubert*



### The Spirit of Fargo

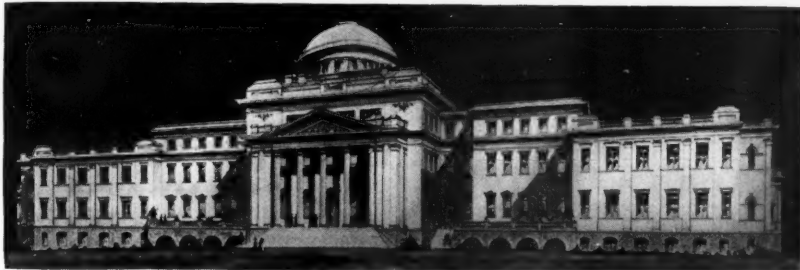
**I**F I should tell you a story,

The tale of a Western city  
That grows in a fertile valley  
Where tillers of soil are blessed,  
I would tell you of men of iron,  
Of patience and perseverance,

Of boom and mushroom inflation,  
And then of a crucial test;  
Of fire and flood and temp'rance,  
Of faith and determination,  
Of a sure and steady growth,—  
Of the winning of the West.

*Edward S. Peterson*

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, CHARLOTTE, N. C.



## The Spirit of the New South

The City of Charlotte, North Carolina, Considered as a Conspicuous Example of the Twentieth Century Era of Industrialism

By WADE H. HARRIS

**T**HIS is the story of a bright and thrifty Southern town that has sprung into a city through the building of good roads and the development of manufacturing industries — a city whose sky-line is dotted with smokestacks and whose streets are thronged with a busy and prosperous people.

Charlotte affords, perhaps, the best example of the modern industrial town in the South, for in recent years it has grown from a strictly commercial town of 8,000 inhabitants to a manufacturing center of 27,000 people. Few cities in the southern states have attracted as much attention to themselves in recent years as Charlotte, by reason of its rapid growth and the remarkable development of its manufacturing and industrial interests. The recognized center of the cotton mill industry of the South, it has developed a list of auxiliary manufactures that has built up its waste places and increased its population to such an extent that it has become famous as a manufacturing and industrial center. It

might be proper to emphasize the fact just here that within a circle of 100 miles of Charlotte are 300 cotton mills, operating 2,250,000 spindles and nearly 70,000 looms. This is nearly sixty per cent of all the spindles and over half of all the looms in the South. For this immense cotton mill business Charlotte is not only the geographical but the trade center.

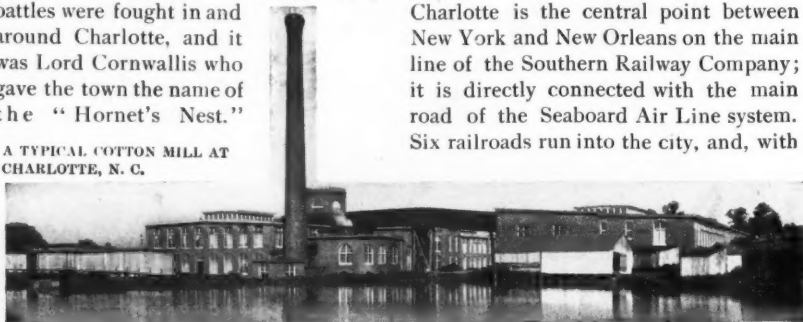
### Has an Ideal Location

The location of Charlotte is an ideal one. It is the midway station between New York and New Orleans and is situated in the richest section of what is known as the Piedmont belt. The elevation of the city is 760 feet, or 410 feet higher than Raleigh, the capital of the state. It is six hours travel east to the seashore and eight hours travel west to the backbone of the Blue Ridge. Its climate is a counterpart of that of southern France. The annual mean temperature, as recorded by the Weather Bureau, is sixty degrees, the average for the four seasons being as follows:—spring, 60;

summer, 77; autumn, 61; winter, 43.

Charlotte is an old town, and yet it is a new one, but in the whirl of its progress it still cherishes the traditions of its early days that gave it a place in the history of the country. It was in Charlotte that in May, 1775, the first Declaration of Independence was signed, and this event is celebrated annually on May 20, prominent men taking part and making speeches. A monument to the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, erected in the Court-house square, attracts the attention of all visitors to the city. Toward the close of the Revolutionary War several bloody battles were fought in and around Charlotte, and it was Lord Cornwallis who gave the town the name of the "Hornet's Nest."

A TYPICAL COTTON MILL AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.



The spot which until recently was used by Lord Cornwallis as his headquarters while in Charlotte is marked by an iron tablet. Iron tablets also mark the site of the Inn where George Washington was entertained, giving the date; the place where the Declaration of Independence was signed and the spot upon which Jefferson Davis was standing when he was handed a telegram announcing the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

None of the equipments that would be expected of an up-to-date city are missing in Charlotte. The streets are well graded, macadamized and curbed, and the sidewalks laid in cement, except on the side streets, where they are laid in brick or gravel. Arc lights illuminate the streets every night in the year. Elec-

tricity for both illuminating and power is supplied by a well-equipped plant. The gas works were recently rebuilt on modern plans and the Charlotte plant is one of the finest in the South. The main lines of the electric street railway are double-tracked. Single lines wind in and out the sections of the city remote from the centre of town.

#### As a Railroad Centre

The railroads are an important factor in the life of any town, and the excellent facilities which Charlotte enjoys have much to do with the growth and prosperity of the city. In the first place, Charlotte is the central point between New York and New Orleans on the main line of the Southern Railway Company; it is directly connected with the main road of the Seaboard Air Line system. Six railroads run into the city, and, with

their connecting lines, bring it into connection with all parts of the State. The recent completion of the Southern's branch line from Mocksville to Mooresville has opened up a new and rich trade territory to the city. The Southern and the Seaboard are in competition here for both passenger and freight business, and the shipping interests get the advantages of cheap rates, not only to the seaports, but to interior points. Each of these two big systems has large freight and passenger yards. The freight depots are located within two blocks of the center of the city and afford unusually convenient facilities to shippers and merchants. In connection with the freight yards are large platforms for the handling of cotton. One of the two steam



compresses that was destroyed by fire recently has been replaced by a new plant including a brick depot building 700 feet long by 300 wide.

Four national banks, with an abundant capital, afford Charlotte all needed banking facilities. The banks are: First National, Commercial National, Merchants and Farmers and Charlotte National. They have a combined capital of \$1,500,000. There are two savings banks.

There are three building and loan associations in Charlotte—the Mutual, Mechanics' Perpetual and the Charlotte.

The city has two of the finest office buildings in the State, and a third is under contract to be built this year.

As has been said, Charlotte is an example of the modern industrial town.

It is a city of diversified industries. It has mills to use up cotton, wood, iron, leather, cotton seed, tobacco, broom straw, marble and other raw products

and turn them out into the markets of the country in the shape of finished products, from the common to the finest grades. The manufacturing plants of Charlotte turn out passenger and freight elevators, pumps and heaters and combined pumps and heaters, wagons, doors, sash and blinds, sawmills, steam engines, stamp mills, steam hoists and all kinds of gold mining machinery, leather belts for a sewing machine or for the Corliss engine of a cotton mill, boilers, rubber-tired vehicles, spinning frames, reels, spoolers slashers, knitters and shuttle blocks, loom reeds, card clothing, bed springs, brooms, cigars, shirts, trousers, overalls, coffins, show cases, gray cloths, gingham, hosiery, towels, sash cord, batting, hammocks, back bands, wadding, hosiery yarns and warps, cottonseed oil, cotton seed meal and hulls, lint, flour, rice, corn meal, sulphuric acid, sixteen brands of fertilizers, plows,

SCENE IN THE WEAVE ROOM OF A COTTON MILL AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.



electrical switchboards, power cotton presses, driven by belt and also by direct steam pressure; pressed and common brick, complete outfits for cottonseed oil mills, including every item of machinery; harness, saddles, bridles and collars; candy, plain and fancy; monuments, book binding and blank books, ledgers, iron fronts and cornices, mantels, etc.

Taking up these manufacturing plants more in detail, there are now seventeen cotton mills in operation in Charlotte, with two large ones—the Elizabeth and the Chadwick—just completed. The city has five plants for the manu-

facture of trousers, four machine shops and foundries, three cotton gins, one tannery, two harness factories, two cotton oil mills, two batting mills, one sash cord mill, one backband factory, one flour mill, one ice factory, one bed spring factory, one belt factory, two bridle, har-

ness and saddle factories, one rubber tire factory, four printing houses, two bottling works, two broom factories, three candy factories, one card cloth and loom reed factory, one emery fillet and loom reed factory, two cigar factories, three steam laundries, one monument shop, one casket factory, four iron works, one gas company, one roof and paving company, two roller covering shops, one

showcase factory. It is a peculiar fact that nearly all the manufacturing enterprises of the city are owned by home capital. The investment in cotton mills alone is \$3,360,000. These mills consume 40,000 or 50,000 bales of cotton a year and the manufactured output is valued at over \$3,000,000. The five clothing factories employ over 1,600 people. The investment in this industry is \$150,000. Their goods are sold all over the United States and Mexico, fifty traveling salesmen being kept on the road. The yearly capacity is 2,000,000 pairs of trousers. The two large cotton seed oil mills located here represent an investment of

nearly a million dollars. A few weeks ago, one of them was sold to the Virginia - Carolina Chemical Company for \$425,000. The manufacturing industries of the city pay out annually over \$1,000,000 in wages and salaries. This is paid out to

people who live in the city and who spend the bulk of it here.

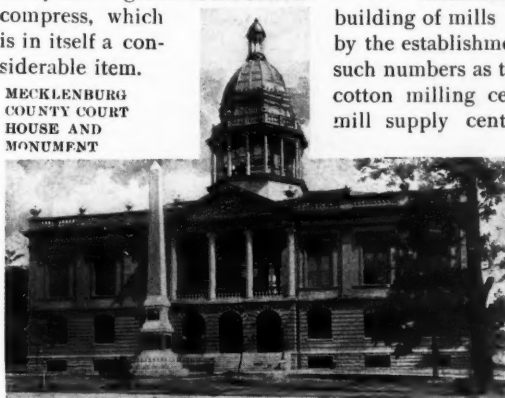
In addition to this great pay roll of industries is the pay roll of the railroad men, something that is not often taken into account, but which is an important item. The Southern and the Seaboard Air Line roads in their freight and passenger departments each month disburse \$30,000 in salaries and wages, or \$360,-

CITY HALL,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.



ooo a year, among people who live in Charlotte. This does not include the salary and wage roll of the cotton compress, which is in itself a considerable item.

MECKLENBURG  
COUNTY COURT  
HOUSE AND  
MONUMENT



In this big weekly and monthly distribution of wages by the mills, factories and depots is to be seen the source of much of Charlotte's prosperity.

While the mills have built up the suburbs, the new business that has followed—that of manufacture and supply—has built up the waste places inside the town. Around two sides of one block that formerly had only two corner stores is now a solid block of mill supply, engineering and electrical supply houses, and it is one of the busiest blocks in the city. Just here is where the cotton mill is to be viewed in a new light. The general view taken of the advantages of the cotton mill is its giving employment to a certain number of people who add to the population of a town and distribute their wages through its trade channels. Few people are disposed to look further, deeming these results sufficiently good, and by so doing they fail to take into consideration one of the most important resultant features

to a community of the building of cotton mills, and that is the establishment of machinery and supply houses. The building of mills in Charlotte has been followed by the establishment of these auxiliary houses in such numbers as to make Charlotte not only the cotton milling centre of the South, but also the mill supply centre. The houses here design,

build and equip mills complete, supplying all manner of electrical or steam appliances, repairing or replacing any worn out or broken piece of machinery, and furnishing anything needed by a mill man in his business. There are firms here that will take an order for a cotton plant, from \$300,000 to

\$1,000,000 or more, and fill it with as much ease as a merchant would a bill of goods, with the difference of the stipulation of time, and Charlotte mill contractors are generally known to turn on steam on the date specified. There is one firm here that in its shops builds oil mills of any capacity complete, ships the parts to the location of the mill ordered, puts them together and starts

PIEDMONT FIRE INSURANCE CO. BUILDING, CHARLOTTE, N. C.



the mills going. If anything breaks in a cotton mill a telegram to Charlotte will result in a repair to the broken piece or a new piece to supply it.

#### As a Commercial Centre

Commercial Charlotte has kept pace with the growth of the textile and supply interests. Its retail trade has increased at a wonderfully rapid rate, while the wholesale trade has made steady progress.

The excellent railroad facilities of Charlotte are backed up by a new commercial power—good roads. Mecklenburg county took the lead in good roads building some years ago, and the results have been of a most gratifying character. The model set by this county has been generally adopted in the South, and practically all the good-roads work now being done is patterned after the Mecklenburg system. Good roads in this county simply mean good streets, for the good roads going out of Charlotte are but continuations of Charlotte's streets, for the construction of roads and streets

is the same. The only difference is that outside of the city the roadway is narrower. The hills are cut down, low places graded and steel bridges erected across the streams. These roads now radiate from Charlotte in every direction. Altogether there are in the neighborhood of 100 miles of good roads constructed in Mecklenburg. The plan is to carry these good roads from Charlotte in every direction to the county line, and this work will soon be accomplished. The effect of good roads on the trade of Charlotte has been distinctly beneficial and is seen by the increased inflow of cotton and all kinds of produce from the farms. The farmer with a load to haul would rather go fifteen miles over a good road than five over a bad one, and as a consequence they head their teams for Charlotte from all directions when they are within reasonable reach of the good roads. The establishment of the good roads has added to the prosperity of the farmer in many ways, and all over the county there is a noticeable improvement in the farms and their surround-

A STREET SCENE IN CHARLOTTE: BUFFALO BILL'S PARADE



ings. The farmers have better stock and more of it, their wagons are of the best and their buggies are rubber-tired, while their houses are painted and all their surroundings made more attractive. For much of all this the good-roads facilities to market are responsible.

The traffic in cotton is undoubtedly the basis for much of the prosperity of Charlotte. During the course of a year, including the cotton received at the compress and city platform and the mill takings, 300,000 bales are handled in Charlotte. Before the establishment of the cotton mills all the cotton that came

to the city was exported. The mills now keep nearly all the cotton here, and it is shipped in a manufactured form. The establishment of the bonded warehouse system in Charlotte gives it a great advantage over other towns as a cotton market. Two large warehouses, one by the Charlotte Warehouse Company and the other by the Merchants' and Farmers' Company, have been built, and they have a capacity for the storage of 30,000 bales. The establishment of these warehouses gives the farmer the privilege of securing cash advances on his cotton, and enable him to hold it for a rise in price.

MAP SHOWING OVER 300 COTTON MILLS WITHIN A RADIUS OF 100 MILES OF CHARLOTTE, N. C.





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